

VERSES

UPON
Several Occasions.

By J. EARLE, Chaplain to His
Grace the Duke of Douglas.

The Second EDITION, with Additions.



L O N D O N,

Printed by J. HUMFREYS,
For S. CHANDLER, at the Cross Keys in the
Poultry. M.DCC.XXIV.

V. B. R. S. E. 3



Mr. Sulam - Langford

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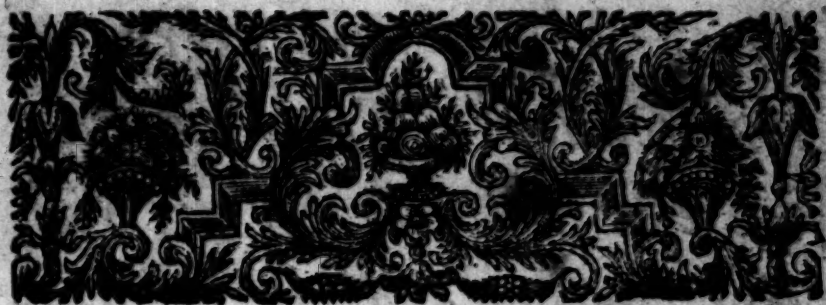
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Honoured

H. E. following



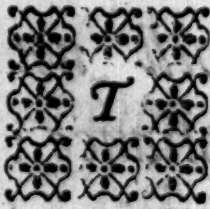
upon



T O

Mrs. Sufanna Langford.

Honoured Madam,


THE following VER-
SES were written at
distant Times, and
upon various Occasions, and
(as will be very easily obser-
 A 2 *ved)*

iv Epistle Dedicatory.

ved) in a very different Temper of Mind, and degree of Application. They were design'd at first only for my own Amusement, and the Gratification of a few particular Friends, and are offered to You in this Manner, merely because You insisted upon it. Those who know the Obligations under which Your Goodness has laid me, will not wonder at my Compliance: And all who are acquainted with Your earnest Desire to promote real Religion, will agree,

Epistle Dedicatory. v

agree, That You had a very good Design, whatever Opinion they may entertain of the Means You have used to reach it.

As Poetry is not my Profession, I shall be very little solicitous about the Censures of those, who profess a Skill in these Matters, and shall flatter my self with no other Hope than this Modest one, That this Collection may fall into the Hands of some, who can relish the Subject, and

A 3 are

vi Epistle Dedicatory.

are not Criticks enough to be disgusted at the Manner, or however are devout enough to sacrifice their Critical Skill to their Spiritual Delight.

“ A truly Spiritual Taste
“ will keep well disposed
“ Minds so intent to the
“ Weight and Seriousness
“ of the Matter, as not to
“ leave them at leisure for
“ little impertinent Criti-
“ cisms,” as good Mr. Bil-
lingsley expresses himself
in

Epistle Dedicatory. vii

in his Preface to the Metrical Composures of Mr. Daniel Burges, a Man who had a much greater Share of Learning, good Sense, and Wit too, than very many of those, who have affected to be Witty upon his Publick Performances.

To such as Mr. Billingsley describes, the following Lines are offered, in the same manner as the ordinary Sermons of plain Preachers, who have not Vanity enough
to

viii Epistle Dedicatory.

to set up for Orators, and yet
can speak to the Advantage
of Honest Minds, who at-
tend to the Importance of what
is seriously deliver'd, with-
out being offended at such Ir-
regularities in the Composi-
tion, or Defects in the Pro-
nunciation, as would put a
mere Critick out of all Pati-
ence: As Men of a good Con-
stitution, and in full Health,
tho' they know what it is to eat
well, can feed with Pleasure
upon any Thing that is whole-
some, tho' not elegantly drest.

Happy

Epistle Dedicatory. ix

Happy are those of this Temper, and the Crown and Joy of such who minister to them in their Spiritual Concerns; especially such of them as have Skill enough to judge of our Performances, and yet do not think fit, in their great Wisdom, to despise their Teachers, and prejudice their own Souls. In such a One I am happy, and acknowledge it upon this Occasion; not so much to do You Honour, as to propose Your Example to others;

Epistle Dedicatory.

others especially such of
Your Relations as are of Qua-
lity and Distinction. If You
will please to forgive me in
this, I will excuse You the
Trouble of all the rest, which
might justly be said in Your
Commendation, by,

M A D A M,

Your most obliged,

most obedient, and

humble Servant,

J A. E A R L E.

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With feeble voice & earthly notes 66
VERSES



V E R S E S

O N

Various Occasions.



Waken all thy Pow'rs, my Soul,
Extend thy Wings, and soar
on high,
Visit the glorious Realm
which lies
Beyond the Orbs, where Stars

As thou partak'st of Life Divine,
Leave those of a less noble Birth,
Meanly to grovel on the Earth,
And all their Views to earthly things confine.

B

Let

dx

VERSES ON

III.

Let those, who have no higher Taste,
Embrace a Dunghill, and regale
On Husks and Trash, and set to sale
A Soul, for things which in the using waste.

IV.

Do thou mount up, ev'n to the Seat,
The Throne of the Eternal King,
And mix thy self with those who sing
Him infinitely Good, as well as Great.

V.

See how the heavenly Courtiers shine,
In Rays reflected from his Face!
Mind how the Objects of his Grace
Look Royal, all like Him, and all Divine.

VI.

See how their Crowns celestial glow
With living Gems; see how they hold
Victorious Palms, and Harps of Gold;
And hearken how th' harmonious Numbers

VII.

Survey th' extended Plains of Light,
The Fruits, and Streams of Paradise,
And Mansions of the Sons of Bliss,
Than burnish'd Gold, or Sun-beams far more

VIII.

But chiefly on that glorious Face
Let thy admiring Eye be fixt,
Where Majesty, with Sweetness mixt,
Charms, and amazes all the heav'nly Race.

This

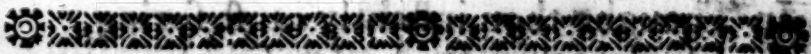
Various Occasions.

IX.

This is thy JESUS, this is He
Who once the Place, where now he shines,
Left to accomplish those Designs
Which Love engag'd him in, ev'n love for thee.

X.

He who thus sits upon the Throne,
To whom all Angels Homage pay,
Dy'd on the Cross for thee. O may
My Heart be ever his, and his alone.



The WORLD.

I.

'TIS true, and I shall find it so,
This World's a vain vexatious thing,
Which never to a Heav'n-born Soul
Did, or can Satisfaction bring.

II.

Let me be wise at length, and make
The vain Experiment, no more;
Th' Attempt, a thousand times renew'd,
Will fail, as it has heretofore.

III.

Can ever this gross Earth afford
Immortal Fruits, to feed a Soul?
Can a celestial Spirit find
Rest upon Waves, that ever roll?

IV.

No, 'tis impossible, and so
I'll other Methods try and see,
My Soul, if I can elsewhere find
Provision, and Repose for thee.

V.

Lift up thy Eyes to that bright Roof,
Where Orbs innumerable shine ;
Beyond it sits inthron'd a God,
A God who's willing to be thine.

VI.

In Thought thou instantly canst spring,
And swifter than the Light ascend
Up, where his glorious Honour dwells ;
And He a gracious Ear will lend.

VII.

Tell him thou canst not find Content
In all the wide Creation's Field ;
There's nothing that can suit thy Mind,
Or proper Satisfaction yield.

VIII.

Tell him thou see'st his Glory shine,
And wilt upon it ever look ;
Tell him thou long'st to taste his Love,
And canst Delays no longer brook.

IX.

Tell him thou art, and wilt be his,
And he shall be for ever thine ;
That in his Gospel he has drawn
The Covenant, which thou wilt sign.

Nor

Various Occasions.

5

X.

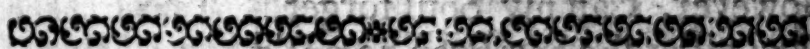
Nor fear he'll in Displeasure frown,
He that has given his Son for thee,
Will not deny, on this account,
Thy Father, and thy Friend to be.

XI.

As such he'll guide thee with his Eye,
Uphold thee with his mighty Arm;
Comfort thee with his heavenly Word,
And cover with his Wings from harm.

XII.

So through the various Turns of Life,
Still shalt thou take thy peaceful Way;
And chearful, thro' Deaths gloomy Shade,
Pass to the Realms of endless Day.



Fear of Death.

I.

AND why, my Soul, so much averse
To dying? Why so loth to go
Away from hence? What is it here
That charms and captivates thee so?

II.

When thou shalt take thy Flight aloft,
Shalt thou leave any Thing behind,
In which thou didst intire Repose,
And perfect Satisfaction find?

III.

Hast thou not said a thousand times,
And is it not thy present Sense,
Vanity, and Vexation's all
To which the World can make Pretence?

IV.

How often has thy hopeful Bloom
Met with an unexpected Blast?
And has not oft the ripen'd Fruit
Prov'd but insipid to thy Taste?

V.

Call to thy Mind the Toils, the Cares,
The settled Grievs, and sudden Frights,
And all the hurrying Thoughts, which made
Uneasy Days, and restless Nights.

VI.

However, Can my Soul forget
How often she has been beguil'd,
By this false World! How often here
She has been wounded, and desil'd!

VII.

How often has she wept, and cry'd:
O had I Pinions like a Dove,
I'd fly from this enchanting World,
I'd soar on high, and dwell above!

VIII.

Can she forget, when to her Lord
She has some near Approaches made,
And tasted his delicious Fruits,
Sitting beneath the spicy Shade?

How

IX.

How, burning with the purest Flame,
This was the Language of her Heart:
Now Jesus, take me to thy self,
And let us never, never part.



Hezekiah's Song. Isa. 38.

I.

When the sad Message I receiv'd
From him, who is the Lord of Life,
That to the Remnant of my Days
He would apply the fatal Knife;

II.

Alas, said I, the Time is come,
I must be gone (there's no Reprieve)
To my long Home, the gloomy House
Appointed for each Man that lives:

III.

Fondly I thought I'd Time in store,
And should have many a Year surviv'd;
But, by th' Almighty's high Decree,
Of that Remainder I'm depriv'd.

IV.

No more shall I behold the Lord
In Zion, where his Honour dwells;
No more with Men in Worship join,
And unto them his Glory tell.

V.

My Time's expir'd, my Life is gone,
 Death's Work's dispatch'd, without delay,
 As easily as Shepherds Tents
 Are taken down, and born away.

VI.

The Sovereign Righteous Lord cuts off
 My Life, by pining sore Disease;
 As they, that o'er the Loom preside,
 Cut off the Web, whene'er they please.

VII.

My Heart fore-boded, at the Dawn,
 That I could not survive till Night;
 And when the Darkness shut in Day,
 That I no more should see the Light.

VIII.

While others, blest with sweet Repose,
 Protracted Slumber into Day;
 I trembling look'd to be dispatch'd,
 Sudden as Lions crush their Prey.

IX.

Unintermitting were my Cries,
 Like Swallows, and as loud as Cranes,
 I mourn'd as the distressed Dove,
 Which for her absent Mate complains.

X.

My Eyes were weary, while I look'd
 Upward, imploring Help from Thee,
 And cry'd in vain, from Death's Arrest,
 Lord interposing, set me free!

This

Various Occasions.

6

XI.

This was my Case ! but in what Words
Shall I extol him, who repeal'd
The killing Sentence, and revers'd
My Doom, who sent his Word and heal'd

XII.

While the Remainder of my Years
Pass smoothly on, I'll spend my Days
In humbly walking with that God,
Who turn'd my Mourning into Praise.

XIII.

O Lord, Man's Life depends on Thee,
Thy gracious Word, and powerful Hand ;
By these my fleeting Soul was stay'd,
And I'm in Life at thy Command.

XIV.

When blest with ev'ry Sweet of Life,
I thought my Peace beyond controul ;
Thy Hand prepar'd a wrathful Cup,
And Bitterness o'erspread my Soul.

XV.

And when, despairing of Relief,
I thought each Moment was my last ;
Thy Love recall'd me from the Pit,
And all my Sins behind Thee cast.

XVI.

These Changes thy great Hand has wrought,
Which those, who in the silent Grave
By Death are lodg'd, can't celebrate,
Nor trust in Thee that Thou wilt save.

B s

But

XVII.

But those who by thy Favour live,
While living, on thy Praise shall dwell,
Like me, and in immortal Verse,
Thy Truth to after Ages tell.

XVIII.

Because he was my ready Help,
While I have Breath I'll praise the Lord,
Uniting all harmonious Sounds,
Where He his mighty Name records.

JUDGMENT.

I.

I Find it must be so!
The Day will surely come,
And quickly too, when all Men shall
Receive their final Doom.

II.

But O! who duly bears
That awful Day in Mind?
How very few upon their Hearts,
And Ways its Influence find.

III.

Did Men more frequently
Admit this solemn Thought,
That God will them to Judgment bring,
What Changes would be wrought!

The

Various Occasions:

II

IV.

The Lust of Wealth, and Fame,
Or Pleasures, (nothing true)
Could never so bewitch them, if
They kept this Day in view.

V.

Could they their Time mispend,
And squander Life away
Thus prodigally, if they thought
Of the great Reckoning-Day?

VI.

As my Account now stands,
Amazing great's my Score,
And every unregarded Hour
Will still inflame it more.

VII.

Then sue thy Pardon out,
My Soul, for Errors past,
That all may be behind his Back,
As quite forgotten cast.

VIII.

And cry for Grace to help,
That in all future Time,
Tow' rds God, and Man thou may maintain
A Conscience free from Crime.

IX.

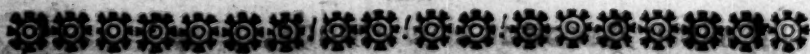
For these apply thy self
To this blest Advocate;
But do it now; delay one Hour,
And it may be too late.

XI.

Know that as Death shall find
Thee, so shall Judgment too;
And if thou art not found in Him,
O! whither must thou go?

XI.

But if in him thou art,
Thy Sins all cancell'd are;
For sure his Righteousness will be
Allow'd at his own Bar.



The Christian's Witness.

I.

THrough all the Stages of my Life,
Since first my Pilgrimage begun,
Thy Goodness, Lord, in constant Streams,
Fast by my Paths has ever run.

II.

And now the Harbingers of Death
Their Master's near Approach proclaim,
To seize my Body for the Grave;
Tho' Heaven does my Spirit claim.

III.

The Short, uncertain Time He stays,
I must endeavour to improve,
And while my feeble Breath allows,
I'll witness to thy Truth, and Love.

IV.

O! if I had an Angel's Voice,
And could be heard from Pole to Pole,
I would, to all the list'ning World,
Publish thy Goodness to my Soul.

V.

Before I knew from whence I sprung,
Or unto what I was design'd,
Before I thought at all of Thee,
Or ought that's heavenly and divine;

VI.

Yea, while I wander'd heedless, where
A wild Imagination led,
And ne'er consulted ought but Flesh,
What Paths 'twas proper I should tread;

VII.

While divers Lusts and Pleasures rul'd,
And I, unthinking Wretch, obey'd,
Neither desirous of thy Love,
Nor duly of thy Wrath afraid:

VIII.

Thou didst preserve my precious Life,
My much more precious Soul to save,
Thy Love allow'd the choicest Means,
And Space for true Repentance gave.

IX.

At length the blest appointed Time,
The Time for my Deliv'rance came;
Thy Grace awaken'd me, I saw
My Guilt, my Nakedness, and Shame.

The

X.

The flaming Sword of Justice, high
Over my guilty Head I saw;
And heard the Cries of those in Hell,
Who once, like me, despis'd thy Law.

XI.

Confounded and amaz'd I cry'd,
Altho' I knew not how to pray,
Wo! Wo is me! the Devils stand
Ready to drag my Soul away.

XII.

Thou saw'st, and pitiest my Case,
And strait a Thought sprung in my Mind,
The Lord is Merciful, and who
Can tell but I may Mercy find?

XIII.

Thou opened'st then these Lips to pray,
Which ever shall shew forth thy Praise,
I beg'd Forgiveness of my Sins,
And vow'd to walk in Wisdom's Ways.

XIV.

Thou gav'st me Hope, and by thy Help
I broke with my beloved Sin;
And set my self to learn the Paths
Of Righteousness, and walk therein.

XV.

Thou taught'st me necessary Truths,
And mad'st them sweet unto my Soul;
Thou gav'st thy awful Threatnings Weight,
Rising Corruptions to controul.

Thy

Various Occasions.

151

XVI.

Thy Promises refresh'd my Heart;
And drew me off from vain Delights;
And Meditation on thy Love
Made chearful Days, and pleasant Nights.

XVII.

Thou, when my subtil Enemy
Drew me to Pride, and Self-conceit,
And mine own Righteousness was made
For my Destruction the Bait;

XVIII.

Didst leave me to my self a while,
That I might learn to know my self;
And for the Future, cautious be
Of running on that dangerous Shelf.

XIX.

And when distressed by my Falls,
I thought my self intirely lost;
Thou led'st me to a Righteousness,
Prepar'd for me without my Cost.

XX.

When I've, in an unguarded Hour,
Stumbl'd, or wander'd from the Way;
Thy Grace has still my Soul restor'd,
Sought kindly, and brought back the Stray.

XXI.

When in a cold and lifeless Frame
I've done thy Work, with backward Heart;
Thy Love has gently us'd the Rod,
And quicken'd, while it made me smart.

When

XXII.

When, harrafs'd with distressing Thoughts,
 Iv'e to my self a Terror been;
 Thou hast my Sorrows gently sooth'd,
 And caus'd a heav'nly Calm within.

XXIII.

When Thoughts of Death have terrify'd
 My too too unprepared Soul;
 By Thee, I have the dreadful Foe
 Been made with Comfort to behold.

XXIV.

When musing on the Judgment Day,
 And that Account I have to give,
 Half dead with Fear; at thy Command,
 A Thought of JESUS made me live.

XXV.

When, conscious of my Weakness,
 Have thought I could not persevere;
 Oft hast Thou said: *My Grace for thee*
Sufficient is, thou need'st not fear.

XXVI.

When anxious Cares, about the World,
 Disturb'd the Quiet of my Mind;
 Thou'st whisper'd, Art not thou my Child?
 And can thy Father be unkind?

XXVII.

When Sickness, Pain, Reproach, or Loss
 Of Substance, Relatives, or Friends,
 Had introduc'd a mournful Gloom;
 Thou didst me Light, and Comfort send.

With

XXVIII.

With unexpected Troubles came
As unexpected Help from Heav'n;
And when the Thing I fear'd, befel,
The Aids, I had implor'd, were given.

XXIX.

Trials I thought I could not stand,
I've often chearfully gone through;
And when I fear'd a stunning Stroke,
Thy Hand has warded off the Blow.

XXX.

Good Things, and Evil have been blest,
And wrought for Good (as Thou hast said)
Yea, Sin's most deadly Poison hath
Been to my Soul medic'nal made.

XXXI.

Ten thousand Favours I've forgot,
And many I have never known,
Nor can, till Heavens high Records
Shall to my wondring Soul be shown.

XXXII.

For that blest Time I humbly wait,
And find my Waiting can't be long;
I'll praise Thee with my dying Breath,
And then begin another Song. *Amen.*

Matt. xxvi. 24.

— *It had been good for that Man, if
He had not been born.*

I.

Unhappy Judas! who for worthless Pelf,
Betray'd his Master, and destroy'd him-
(self;

Fearless he sinn'd, and then despair'd of Grace,
And harden'd, plung'd into his proper Place.
In Vain, alas, do Men at Ease dispute,
And common Sense with subtle Querks con-
(fute;

From him, who can't deceive, the Truth we
(know,

'Tis better not to be, than be in endless Woe.

II.

(strait

He felt Remorse, confess'd his Crime, and
Disgorg'd the fatal tempting Silver Bait;
Seeming Repentance! yet alas he fell,
For want of Faith, into the lowest Hell;
No Pity finds from those who him employ,
What's it to us? See thou to that, they cry:
But might have found from God, had he but

(known

The Blood his Treason shed, his Treason
(could atone.

2 Sam. vii. 28.

Thy Words be true.

I.

O Lord, while blinded Nations serve
Dead Idols, false Divinities;
To Thee, the living God and true,
Alone thy Churches Sacrifice.

II.

False Gods are like themselves, a Lye,
But like Thy self thy Words be true,
Thy Declarations all contain
The strictest Truths, tho' strange, and new.

III.

What Thou revealest of thy self,
Creation Work, and Providence,
Wonders of Justice, and of Grace,
Is true; tho' most surpassing Sense.

IV.

Thy Promises are all sincere,
And shall exactly be fulfill'd;
Upon this Rock thy People all
Their Hope, and Expectations build.

V.

Thy Holiness abhors a Lye,
Thy Wisdom's from Mistake exempt;
Thy Power, which all Events controuls,
Can never fail in an Attempt.

False

VI.

Falſe Man may purpoſely deceive,
Frail Man may change, or want the Means,
Thro' croſs Events, to keep his Word,
And fail the Friend who on him leans;

VII.

But thou, Lord, canſt no more deceive,
Than be deceiv'd; thy every Thought,
And Purpoſe ſhall, infallibly,
To full Accompliſhment be brought.

VIII.

That to thy Word Thou haſt been juſt,
All Records Teſtimony bear;
Thy thankful People witneſs this,
And baffled Enemies declare.

IX.

What Thou haſt really engag'd,
Tho' not what ſome may think thou haſt,
In the true Meaning of the Words,
Has been fulfill'd, or ſhall at laſt.

X.

Lord, this we now believe, and wait
Till the great opening Day ſhall ſhew,
To the Conviction of the World,
That every Word of thine was true.

XI.

May I, my God, thy Image bear,
Be ever ſtrictly faithful found,
To each Engagement, Oath, and Vow,
By which my Soul to Thee is bound.

Do

XII.

Do I not chuse Thee for my God, *and* ! O
And scorn what'er would rival Thee ?
Is not the Holy Jesus dear,
Beyond ten thousand Worlds, to me ?

XIII.

Is not that Word which does Command,
As dear as that which Promises ?
And when I hear thy awful Threats,
Does not my Soul a Trembling seize ?

XIV.

Are not those Promises most sweet,
Which hold forth Things that are above,
Where J E S U S sits inthron'd, and Hosts
Of glorious Spirits sing, and love.

XV.

Thy gracious Promise is the Ground,
And Guide of all my Prayer, and Praise,
While I by Observation find,
Thou dost not worthless me despise.

XVI.

And tho' with eager Longings, Lord,
My Soul doth even break, while I,
Expect my J E S U S ; yet Thou seest
That I can wait, as well as cry.

XVII.

If through thy rich free sov'reign Grace,
And boundless Mercy Things are so ;
I may, I must these Comforts take,
Which from thy faithful Promise flow.

O!

XVIII.

O! by thy blessed Spirit, help
 To draw those Comforts in,
 Which Matter of Support, and Joy
 To Saints, in every Age, have been.

XIX.

Of Health.

I.

Health, of all earthly Sweets the best,
 To which all Sweets, their Relish owe,
 Whose Worth to estimate aright
 They only, who do want it, know.

II.

That Jewel which cannot be bought
 By all the Treasures of a King,
 Is, in its most confirmed State,
 A brittle, frail, uncertain Thing;

III.

Which at the Mercy, every Hour,
 Of Accidents unnumber'd lies;
 Not only such as shock our Thoughts,
 But what, as trivial, we despise.

IV.

A Dust, a Breath, a Spark, a Drop,
 And Things which still minuter are,
 Can soon disorder the Machine,
 And all our Strength, and Beauty mar.

And

V.

And tho' these Accidents we 'scape,
Age, an incurable Disease,
Steals on, and all our vigorous Warmth
Chills, by insensible Degrees.

VI.

In vain we prop, in vain repair,
The House untenantable grows,
And the Inhabitant, tho' loth,
In Quest of other Mansions goes.

VII.

My great Creator, in my Health,
May I remember, e'er the Days
Of Sickness, and old Age approach;
And then his pitying Goodness praise.

VIII.

Then shall these Harbingers of Death,
With a most welcome Message come,
Which I with Pleasure shall receive,
As sent to bid me hasten home.

IX.

Home to my Father's House, where I
Shall with my Jesus ever be;
And nourish'd with Celestial Fruits,
Like Him, no Age, nor Sickness see.

X.

There, in a never fading Bloom,
And unimpaired Vigour, I
Shall gladly serve, and sweetly sing
My God, to all Eternity. Amen.

On



On Death.

I.

When wasting Flesh, and failing Heart
Present a melancholy Scene;
With steady Faith, and humble Hope
My Soul shall on her Saviour lean.

II.

Death has no other Sting but Sin,
And Sin no Strength but from the Law;
Against them all I may, from CHRIST,
Sufficient Help, and Comfort draw.

III.

By dying, he has Death disarm'd,
Taking the Guilt of Sin away,
And answer'd all the Law demands,
When unto Death He did obey.

IV.

This I believe He did for me,
Tho' most unworthy of his Grace;
And being blest with such a Friend,
I'd gladly die to see his Face.

V.

Fear not, my Soul, for surely He,
Who left his Heaven to seek thee here,
Thy Passage thither will secure,
And kindly entertain thee there.

Angels

VI.

Angels shall bear thee to the Place,
Where He's inthron'd above the Skies;
And what he purchas'd with his Blood,
When thus brought Home, can He despise?

VII.

Surely those Arms, which for thy sake
Were once extended on the Tree,
And mighty Wonders for thee wrought,
Shall open to receive thee be.

VIII.

And having once Reception found,
With Him thou shalt for ever dwell,
In Joys too great for mortal Man
To know, tho' Angels Tongues should tell.

IX.

Nor shall thy dear Remains be lost,
But ev'ry Dust be kept in store;
And in a glorious Body meet
Thee once again, to part no more.



A Hymn to the Creator.

I.

Great Source of Being, Spring of Life,
Father of Lights, and God of Love!
Praise is a Tribute due to Thee
From us below, and them above.

C

Thou

II.

Their Heavens, and every shining Star
To us preach God, and Providence ;
And they are not too high to learn
The same divine Instruction hence.

III.

The Earth's Foundations Thou of old
Fixt and unmoveable hast laid ;
Its various Hosts, and Furniture
Thy Hands have form'd, thy Fingers made.

IV.

Her gorgeous Robe, spangled with Flowers,
Each springing Plant, and spreading Tree,
With Treasures from her Bowels drawn,
To shew their Maker's Praise agree.

V.

The rising Mists, and falling Dews,
The Clouds, that melt in softning Show'rs,
Or burst in sweeping Cataracts, speak
Their good, and just Creator's Power.

VI.

Springs which from rocky Beds burst forth,
Collected Streams that rapid flow,
Or gently through the Valleys glide,
Carry thy Praise where e'er they go.

VII.

The Ocean swells in louder Notes,
And makes each frighted Shore to know
The great Restrainer of its Waves,
Whose awful Word confines them so.

The

VIII.

(brought,

The Winds, from unknown Storehouse
Bear on their Wings thy glorious Name;
And as they haste to Coasts unknown,
Proclaim, in every Breath, thy Fame.

IX.

Each Stroke of Light, and dusky Shade
Paint the Perfections of a God;
And every changing Season tells
His Power, and Faithfulness abroad.

X.

The bleating Flocks, and lowing Herds;
Birds that among the Branches sing,
Yea the wild Beasts, and ravenous Fowls
Jointly to Thee Praise-Offerings bring.

XI.

But Man, in thine own Image made,
Spirit confin'd to humble Clay,
Justly demands the Angels View,
As no less wondrous Work than they.

XII.

This most we glory, that with us
Their Lord, thy Son, did for us die;
Wonder beyond what Heav'n e'er saw,
And into which they humbly pry.



The Humble Confession of a Sinner.

I.

Lord, in thy Vineyard long I've stood,
And yet a fruitless Plant remain,
Tho' water'd with the Dews of Heaven,
The early, and the latter Rain.

II.

The great Vinedresser's tender Care
Has prun'd my Branch, and dug my Root,
Us'd ev'ry fertilizing Art;
Yet look'd in vain for timely Fruit.

III.

Oft Thou, with just Displeasure fill'd,
Hast said; *Why cumberst it the Ground?*
But Grace has heard my Saviour's Plea,
And Vengeance has not cut me down.

IV.

Oft have I thought, if God would spare,
And grant another Year's Reprieve;
I would no more his Grace abuse,
No more his Holy Spirit grieve.

V.

But with incessant Tears, and Sighs,
Mellow, and rend my stubborn Heart;
And force the Fruits of Righteousness
By constant Pains, and holy Art.

That

VI.

That he, the next return, might find
My Branches bend with pleasant Fruit;
Might eat and bless me, nor repent
He granted the Vinedresser's Suit.

VII.

But wo is me! I'm still the same:
How does each changing Season shew
The mighty Difference between
Designing well, and doing so?

VIII.

Must it, my God, be ever thus?
Are there no Methods to be found
To make the Root dispense the Sap,
And every Branch with Clusters crown.

IX.

Can this dry Stump be made to live?
O Lord, thou know'st, thou know'st it can;
But, Lord, I know that it must be
The Work of God, and not of Man.

X.

O let thy Spirit on my Soul
Its quickning Influences shed;
So Thou shalt ne'er seek Fruit in vain,
Nor I thy powerful Vengeance dread.



Retirement.

I.

PRithee intruding World be gone :
For this one Hour, at least, I'd be
From thine Impertinences free ;
My God, and I must be alone.

II.

In vain should other Visitants press,
Could I some happy Method find
To bar the Entrance of my Mind,
My Lord alone should have Access.

III.

Whoever else desires to be
Admitted, whether Friend, or Foe,
I charge thee, Conscience, let 'em know
I see no worldly Company.

IV.

[Unless the Muse be charg'd to bring
The Ready Writer's Pen along,
While I indite, in sacred Song,
The Praises of my glorious King.]

V.

O Thou, whose Power alone can shut,
Alone can open every Breast,
Come in, and while we sweetly feast,
Keep all that is not Heav'nly out.

IV
 The Complaint of a convinced Sinner.

I.

Pity me, Lord! I fain would be
 From this most wretched Bondage free:
 O! do not suffer Satan still
 To lead me captive at his Will.

II.

When I, by any Means, am brought
 To entertain a serious Thought,
 I loath my self, in thinking how
 A Heav'n-born Soul should stoop so low.

III.

Yet when my Tyrant pulls the Chains
 Which fasten'd in my Breast remains,
 I follow, tho' my Mind gainsay,
 And the vile Members Law obey.

IV.

Successively I Sin, and Mourn,
 Repent, and to the Draught return;
 Such is my Course from Year to Year,
 Now please a Lust, then shed a Tear.

V.

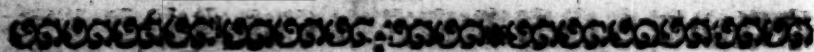
Ah wretched Man! how ill's my Case
 I freely sin, and yet alas
 That Freedom but declares Thee just,
 And leaves me Vassal to my Lust.

VI.

Have Mercy on me, blessed Lord,
 And thy Almighty Aid afford:
 Break off this Chain, and let me be
 Ty'd, by the strongest Bonds, to Thee.

VII.

That I may act like those at Rest,
 Who are with perfect Freedom blest;
 And yet they cannot chuse but serve,
 Nor can from thy Commandments swerve.



The Watch.

I.

Consider, O my Soul,
 How fast thy Minutes run,
 Think how 'twill be, if Life be gone
 Before thy Work be done.

II.

Thy only certain Time
 The present Moment is:
 The next, perhaps, may bear thee off
 To Misery, or Bliss.

III.

And should thy Day be long,
 Yet it will quickly end,
 And an Eternity succeeds,
 Which thou canst never spend.

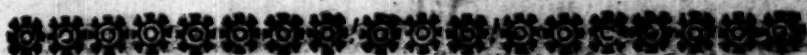
But

IV.

But as thy Time is spent,
Eternity will be
Either fill'd up with endless Bliss,
Or endless Misery.

V.

Remember and be wise,
And while thy Time do's last
Improve it, for it cannot be
Recall'd, when once it's past.



The Meditation of an afflicted Soul.

I.

HOwever, God is just!
And this my sinful Heart must own,
Under whatever Weight I groan,
Altho' he grind me into Dust.

II.

Yea, tho' he hurl'd me down
Into the deepest Place in Hell,
For ever there in Flames to dwell,
I should but reap what I had sown.

III.

E'en in that wretched Place,
Tho' Sinners gnash, and curse their God,
Who breaks them with an Iron Rod,
They own the Justice of his Ways.

IV.

Yea, and my God is kind;
 This every Wretch, on this side Hell,
 With yet unburning Tongue must tell,
 Whatever Trouble they may find.

V.

My Comforts numberless,
 Tho' my Afflictions are severe,
 And what I know not how to bear,
 Loudly demand I should him bless.

VI.

He too is only wise,
 And knows so to direct the Ills,
 Which now my Soul with Anguish fills,
 That Joys shall soon succeed my Cries.

VII.

Be it so, O my God:
 Let thy Chastisement make me wise,
 And purge out what provokes thy Eyes,
 Then spare thou me, but not thy Rod.



Jer. v. 22. *Fear ye not me, saith the Lord? will ye not tremble at my Presence, which have placed the Sand for the bound of the Sea, by a perpetual Decree that it cannot pass it; and tho' the waves thereof toss themselves, yet can they not prevail; tho' they rore, yet can they not pass over it.*

WILL ye not fear the Lord;
And tremble at his Name, (Sea,
Whose glorious Power, Heav'n, Earth, and
With all their Hosts proclaim.

II.
He, like a Curtain, stretch'd
Th' unmeasurable Fold
Of Heav'n, most exquisitely wrought,
With Stars of living Gold.

III.
This massy Pile of Earth
He into Being spake,
Fix'd on Foundations, which no Power,
But His can ever shake.

IV.
This vast collected Flood
Of mighty Waters came
Together, at his Word, and still
Their Limits are the same.

For

V.

For tho' their mounting Waves
 In proud Defiance tols,
 And like a cloyster'd Lion roar,
 Farther they cannot pass.

VI.

By Force of his Decree,
 Their most impetuous Shocks
 Loose Sands as powerfully resist,
 As Adamantine Rocks.

VII.

This God, who bounds the Sea,
 Let all the Earth adore,
 Who, when provok'd, can make the World
 A Sea, without a Shore.



The Happiness of a good Man.

I.

HAppy, beyond what Words can tell,
 Is he, whose Conscience can avow
 He fears the Lord alone, nor will
 To any Rival Idol bow.

II.

Who to his heav'nly Sovereign still
 Strict Faith, and true Allegiance bears;
 And tho' with Rebel Hosts begirt,
 No Bias knows from Hopes, or Fears.

Whose

III.

Whose Soul still keeps her plighted Truth,
Nor after any Stranger goes;
True to her Jesus, from whose Love
All her Repose, and Rapture flows.

IV.

Who the grand Sorceress World can view,
Insensible to Frowns, and Charms,
Not melted by her softer Notes,
Nor daunted by her shrill Alarms.

V.

Who scorns, with criminal Delights,
To have his Heav'n-born Soul debas'd,
And harmless Pleasures can, without
Irregular Emotions, taste.

VI.

Who Royal Treasures can behold,
With a compos'd, unlust'ing Eye,
As calmly view the Gems which here
Glitter, as those which deck the Sky.

VII.

Whom no ambitious Views can tempt,
By mean and sordid Arts to rise,
Who values humble Worth, and knows
Unworthy Greatness to despise.

VIII.

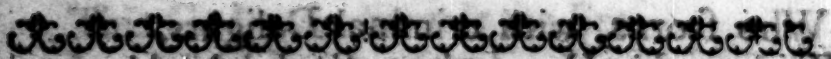
Whose high-born Soul can soar aloft,
Above the Sphere of Time, and Sense;
Visit her native Land, and bring
Ineffable Refreshments thence.

IX.

In all Varieties of Life,
God, and himself he do's enjoy;
And can in God-like Actions pass
His Time, and all his Powers employ.

X.

He the true Relish has of Life,
Does with Repose familiar dwell;
And Death shall gently waft his Soul
To Joys, which they who know, can tell.



Vanity of Man.

I.

HOW vain a Thing is Man;
E'en when his State is best!
And in the very prime of Life,
How far from being blest!

II.

Amus'd with childish Views,
And rack'd with needless Cares;
Buoy'd up with ill-supported Hopes,
And sunk with groundless Fears.

III.

He's Stranger to Repose,
While o'er his troubled Soul
Waves, by tempestuous Passions rais'd,
Continually roll.

Folly,

IV.

Folly, and Woe divide
His few, and evil Days;
And yet, when summon'd off the Stage,
He grudgingly obeys.

V.

Grant me, O Lord, thy Grace,
To live a Life Divine,
While my chief End, and Care's to be
Living, and Dying thine. *Amen.*

IV.

A Melancholy Thought.

I.

WHEN awful Views of Death, and Hell
The just Desert of ev'ry Sin,
Possess my Soul, no Words can tell
The strange Confusion I am in.

II.

Unnumber'd Sins, which long ago
Lay bury'd in Forgetfulness,
Start up in hideous Forms, and shew
A Scene, no Colours can express.

III.

Like Ghosts they haunt me, and torment
Like evil Angels, while my Soul
Distracted, and with Anguish rent,
Their furious Insults can't controul.

IV.

I think I see my Friends in Tears,
And hear their dismal Shrieks and Cries;
The Passing-Bell rings in my Ears,
The Shroud, and Coffin strike my Eyes.

V.

I fancy my old Tempters stand
Waiting to catch my fleeting Soul,
And bear it to the burning Strand,
Where the sulphureous Surges roll.

VI.

I think I see the angry Judge,
With killing Frowns, the Sentence pass;
Whilst Spirits benign their Pity grudge,
And Devils drag me to my Place.

VII.

There, bound in adamantine Chains,
I'm fasten'd to a burning Rock,
And under exquisite Pains
I roar, while my Tormentors mock.

VIII.

The Sight of those, with whom I stan'd,
Adds to the Horror of the Place;
And Thoughts of such as Mercy find,
Aggravates my most wretched Case.

IX.

But that which is the Hell of Hell,
And ev'ry Moment racks my Heart,
Is this, here I must ever dwell,
And never, never hence depart.

Thus,

X.

Thus, like a Ship in raging Seas,
My Soul is toss'd from Shelf to Shelf,
Till JESUS bids the Storm to cease,
And gently wafts me to Himself.



The Reverse.

I.

WHY thus dejected, O my Soul,
As one in darkest Dungeon bound?
Why can no Thoughts Admittance find,
But what like poison'd Arrows wound?

II.

Rise from the Ground, and turn thy Eyes
Upwards, to Zion's Holy Hill;
There, there the King of Glory sits,
And every Heart with Gladness fill.

III.

One strong, believing Thought will bear,
Thee up, and set thee at his Throne;
There lowly bow, and humbly beg
A Look, which He denies to none.

IV.

He'll make his Face on thee to shine,
And one illuminating Ray
Will chase the melancholy Gloom,
And turn thy Midnight into Day.

He'll

V.

He'll kindly speak, and one sweet Word
Will soon revive thy fainting Heart;
One Touch of his All-healing Hand
Will cure thy Wound, and ease thy Smart.

VI.

Hasten, my Soul, and Trial make,
Doubt not that Love he dy'd to prove;
He felt worse Agonies for thee,
And will in Pity thine remove.

VII.

He'll tell thee how thy Sins he bare,
And Sorrows, on th' accursed Tree,
Where to the uttermost He paid,
What Justice could demand of thee.

VIII.

Past Sins, which now in frightful Shapes
Haunt thee, and drive Repose away,
When He shines forth, will disappear,
Like Spectres at the Dawn of Day.

IX.

He'll breathe into thee Breath of Life,
Give Eyes to see, and Wings to soar,
Armour of Proof, and Robes of Light,
And all his Graces on thee pour.

X.

To sweet Communion with Himself,
He will thy bowed Spirit raise;
So shalt thou pass thy Time in Hope,
And thy Eternity in Praise. Amen.

12 H

After

*After Communion with Christ, at his
Table.*

I.

THOU must remember, O my Soul,
Where thou, this Day, hast been,
And in a faithful Memory keep
The Sight, which thou hast seen.

II.

How Glorious was the House of God,
With his own Presence blest!
How richly was his Table spread!
How welcome ev'ry Guest!

III.

Blest Ord'nance, which, as in a Glass,
A Suffering Jesus shew'd!
Blest Light, which steady shone, while Faith
A dying Saviour view'd!

IV.

When I survey'd the wondrous Scene,
O how my Heart was warm'd!
I can't express what 'twas I felt,
Nor tell how I was charm'd.

V.

Majesty, Mildness, Love, and Grief,
Sat mixed on his Brow,
So as no Pencil could express,
Though Angels were to draw.

VI.

Conform'd to such a Sight, my Heart
 With various Passions glow'd,
 While a contrast of struggling Thoughts
 Incessant on it crowd.

VII.

Pity, and Indignation wrought
 Together in my Breast;
 How did I his Betrayers then,
 And Murderers detest!

VIII.

And when I saw that my own Sins
 Were what he suffer'd for,
 How did I, with most contrite Heart,
 Them, and my self abhor!

IX.

I was all Wonder, when I saw
 The Firmness of his Soul,
 How like a Rock He stood, while all
 The Waves did o'er him roll.

X.

Yet not insensible, but felt
 The Smart of every Wound,
 In him the Lion's Courage join'd
 With Lamb-like Meekness found.

XI.

But when he turn'd his pitying Eye,
 Towards unworthy me,
 Saying, with Accents sweet as Life,
My Child, I die for thee;

What,

XII.

What, Lord, for me! what die for me!
I, all transported, cry'd;
And over-power'd with his Love,
T' embrace Him would have dy'd.

XIII.

His dearest Image may I keep,
For ever in my Mind,
And often dwelling on it, be
To other Beauties blind.

To the World.

I.

AUdacious Thing! Canst thou pretend
To rival the All-glorious God?
Can I, who bear his Image, stoop
To the Embraces of a Clod.

II.

With what canst thou engage my Love?
On what Pretence attempt my Heart?
Can Vanity, and Sorrow be
Wrought into Charms, by any Art.

III.

Go, vile Enchanter, all thy Snares
Are seen, and all thy secret Wiles
Discover'd; they are only Fools
Whom thy refin'd Address beguiles.

IV.

I know thy Promises are Lies,
And Falshoods wrapt in ev'ry Breath;
All thy poor Votaries pursue
A Shadow, in the Paths of Death.

V.

O! shall I then a Shew of Bliss,
Big with substantial Sorrows, chuse;
And him, whose Love is Life, and makes
The Angels blest, for thee refuse?

VI.

No, my dear Jesus, I am thine,
And thine, I will for ever be;
O! Do but say, that *Thou art mine*,
And who will take the World for me?



A Penitential Hymn.

II.

DRIV'n by Distress, to Thee, O God,
Thy humbled Rebel flies,
And lost, if Thou deny'st to hear,
For Grace and Mercy cries.

II.

With Horror I behold the Judge
Lift up his vengeful Hand,
And when I see the Father's Frowns,
Still more confounded stand,

What

III.

What can I do? May I stand mute,
And no Defence prepare?
Or must I plead? Then I confess
Thy Judgments righteous are!

IV.

Thy Law is holy, just, and good,
My Crimes have causeless been;
Thy Goodness great, and free, and so
Excuseless is my Sin.

V.

Lord, if I had not often heard,
That CHRIST for Man did bleed;
I should no more have dar'd to ask,
Than I could hope to speed.

VI.

Look on his Wounds, and hear their Plea,
And for His blessed sake,
Upon a lost and ruin'd Wretch,
Dear God, some Pity take.

VII.

So shall my few remaining Days
Devoted be to Thee:
Yea I shall live, and shew thy Praise
To all Eternity.



The Eclipse.

I.

IN the most steady Christian's Frame,
What strange Vicissitudes we see!
What Mixtures, and Varieties,
Ev'n in his best Estate there be!

II.

When the bless'd Count'nance of his God
Do's on him in its Lustre shine,
All's bright about him, every Thing
Looks glorious, heavenly, and divine.

III.

But when the Mists of Unbelief,
Or worldly Cares eclipse that Light;
'Tis hideous Darkness all around,
And nothing's seen, but what affrights.

IV.

Some Conflicts past, his Faith revives,
He sees the chearful Light again,
Rejoices in his God, and sings
His Praise in new, and lofty Strain.

V.

So when the Moon, in Brightness walks,
And strews her Path with radiant Light,
Oft, by malignant Shade o'ercast,
She drops the Scepter of the Night.

But

VI.

But after labouring for a while,
She re-assumes her rightful Sway;
Scatters the Gloom, and o'er the Dark
Extends again her gladsome Ray.



Before the Sacrament.

I.

MY God, when I shall be thy Guest,
And at thy Table sit,
My earnest Prayer, and Heart's Desire
Is, that I may be fit.

II.

O, by thy Grace, help me my great
Unworthiness to see;
And a due Sight and Sense of this
My Worthiness shall be.

III.

Strengthen my Faith: *Lord, I believe,*
Help Thou mine Unbelief.
May my Repentance genuine be,
And for my Sin my Grief.

IV.

Set **JESUS CHRIST** before my Eyes,
As Crucify'd for me:
Lead up my Thoughts to *Golgotha*,
Where stood th' accursed Tree.

V.

May I draw near, and view that Face
Which once transfigur'd shone,
Marred with mingled Sweat and Tears,
And Blood distilling down.

VI.

Shew me the Thorns, the Nails, and Spear,
Which with his Blood were dy'd,
Who was, by those He came to save,
Betray'd, forsook, deny'd.

VII.

May those amazing Words He spake
Sound in my Ears, when He
Cry'd out, *My God, my God, O why*
Hast Thou forsaken me.

VIII.

And when I view the awful Scene,
May all within me move;
And my transported Heart be fill'd
With Wonder, Joy and Love.



Good-Friday.

I.

THIS ever memorable Day
Should I pronounce accurs'd,
When the Man JESUS, best of Men,
Was murder'd by the worst?

Or

Various Occasions.

51

II.

Or should I bless the early Dawn
Which usher'd in that Day,
Wherein the Blood of God was shed,
To wash my Sins away?

III.

Strange contrariety of Thought,
By Turns, pass through my Mind:
I various Passions in my Heart
Tumultuating find.

IV.

Curs'd be the Treason of His Friend,
And Malice of His Foes!
Curs'd be the Prince and Pow'rs of Hell,
From whence this Scene arose.

V.

But most accursed be that Root
Of Bitterness in us,
From whence proceeded all those Sins
For which He suffer'd thus.

VI.

But bless'd, for ever, be my God,
Most Powerful, Wise, and True,
Who to produce the greatest Good
From greatest Evil knew.

VII.

Bless'd be my CHRIST, whose Spirit makes
The Blood He shed, to be
A cleansing Bath, a healing Balm,
And Cordial-drink to me.



The Expostulation.

I.

A Wake, awake, my drowsy Soul,
And do not dream thy Time away ;
Hast thou not Work enough to do,
And Work that must be done to Day ?

II.

Observe how fast thy Sun declines,
How long the Evening Shadows are :
The Night will very quickly come,
And may surprize thee unaware.

III.

Hast thou adjusted that Account,
Which in a while thou must give in ?
And hast thou su'd a Pardon out,
For ev'ry known and unknown Sin ?

IV.

Hast thou brought under ev'ry Lust ?
Does every Grace advance and grow ?
With girded Loins, and burning Lamp,
Canst say, *Come Lord, I'm ready now ?*

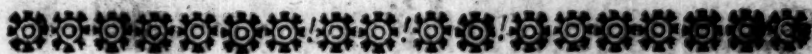
V.

If not, for shame bestir thy self :
Sure the Time past may well suffice
To have a trifling Loiterer been,
In sight of a most glorious Prize.

But

VI.

But ah! in vain I chide my self,
Unless my dearest J E S U S draw.
Draw me, O Lord, and I shall run,
With an enlarged Heart, thy Ways.



A Morning Thought.

I.

Blessed be God, I wake and see,
Once more, the chearful Morning Light;
Guarded by his Almighty Arm,
Through all the Dangers of the Night.

II.

Quitting the Bed of Sloth, I'll rise
And go to meet my dearest Lord,
In those Retirements, where he us'd
His gracious Presence to afford.

III.

First in the * Fountain I will wash,
Open'd for *David's* House, and those
Who do in *David's* City dwell,
Whence cleansing Water ever flows.

IV.

Then dress in † *Robes of Righteousness*,
And *Garments of Salvation* wear;
Put on each Ornament of Grace,
And in my best Array appear.

* Zach. 13. 1.

† Isa. 61. 10.

V.

Comely, in his own Comeliness
Which he put on me, in the Day
Of my Espousals, I would be :
For this, O God, for this I pray !

VI.

* *Awake, O North Wind, come thou South,
And upon this my Garden blow ;
That when my best Beloved comes
The spicy Odours forth may flow.*

VII.

Then let him eat his pleasant Fruits,
And manifest his tender Love ;
Tokens and Earnests sweetly give
Of what He will bestow above.

VIII.

And when I from the Mount descend,
May my Face shine with Holiness ;
And heavenly Walking all the Day
My having been with Him confess.

~~~~~

*The Church-Yard.*

## I.

**H**ail precious Dust ! hail blest Remains  
Of Saints ! The Day will quickly dawn,  
When, at the Trumpet's solemn Sound,  
Ye shall from these dark Cells be drawn.

\* Cant. 4. 16.

Those



## II.

Those once fair Fabricks, which are now  
Demolish'd, and in Ruins laid,  
Shall to a vast Advantage be  
Rebuilt, and glorious Structures made.

## III.

On these vile Bodies then shall pass  
A most amazing Change; for they  
Shall, like his glorious Body, shine,  
Whose Word both Death and Grave obey.

## IV.

Though in *Corruption* they are sown,  
And mould'ring mix with common Clay;  
Rais'd Incorruptible, they shall  
Commence Immortal from that Day.

## V.

Though they were in *Dis honour* sown,  
They'll like the Sun in Glory rise,  
Clear all, and bright without a Spot,  
Wrinkle, or ought that needs Disguise.

## VI.

Though sown in *Weakness*, by Disease  
Worn out, or Age, they'll rise in *Power*,  
And with eternal Vigour bless'd,  
Fatigue and Faintness know no more.

## VII.

*Natural* they were sown, but will  
Be rais'd *Spiritual*, free from all  
That's Gross, and so refin'd, as ne'er  
For Food, or Sleep, or Rest, to call.

## VIII.

Th' aspiring Mind no more shall be  
 Check'd by a Clog of earthly Mould :  
 Body shall be no more a Weight,  
 But winged Chariot to the Soul.

## IX.

'Twill be a Help-meet in the Work  
 Of Heav'n, and all its Joys partake :  
 My Flesh and Heart cry out, O God,  
*Hasten the Time, for JESUS sake.*

---

*Before the Sacrament.*

## I.

**N**OW let me take, and eat  
 The Body of my Lord,  
 Wherein he suffer'd in my stead  
 What Justice did award.

## II.

Now let me take, and drink  
 That precious Blood, which He,  
 To take away the Guilt of Sin,  
 So freely shed for me.

## III.

Thus I remember Him,  
 And thus shew forth his Death,  
 Whom I am bound to Love, and Praise,  
 Ev'n to my latest Breath.

Look,

IV.

Look, O my Soul, on Him  
Whom thou hast pierc'd, and mourn;  
And wash, with penitential Tears,  
The Body thou hast torn.

V.

Yet, when thou look'st, rejoice  
Thy Sin is now no more:  
His most invaluable Blood  
Hath cancell'd ev'ry Score.

VI.

Behold Him here, and vow  
That thou to Him wilt live,  
Who did, to ransom thee from Death,  
His Life an Offering give.

VII.

View Him, and firmly hope  
For all thou e'er canst need:  
The Promises thus ratifi'd  
Are sure to all the Seed.

VIII.

Look here, and learn to Love;  
Learn also to Forgive:  
His Goodness imitate, who dy'd  
To make his En'mies live.

IX.

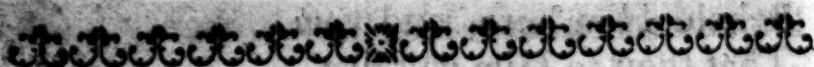
Muse, O my Soul, and burn:  
Was ever Love like this?  
And shall it e'er be said, such Love  
Returns of Love did miss?

## XVI

And, O! this solemn Sight  
 For ever bear in Mind,  
 Till thou shalt, in his glorious Arms,  
 Thy self encompass'd find.

## XI.

Then, then, and not till then,  
 His Love thou'lt fully know :  
 Then shall this cold, this frozen Heart  
 In endless Raptures glow.



*Christ says,* Do this in Remembrance  
 of Me.

*Soul's Answer.*

## I.

**Y**ES, my dear Lord, I will : Alas!  
 Can I omit remembering Thee?  
 Can I forget thy Love, and be  
 All that's ungrateful, vile and base?

## II.

Long before Worlds and Time began,  
 In thy Great Father's Bosom Thou  
 Hadst Thoughts of Love to us, who now  
 Adore thy wondrous Grace to Man.

And



III.

And when this Fabric, vast and fair,  
According to Divine Decree,  
Was built and furnished by Thee,  
Man was thy Joy, and fav'rite Care,

IV.

Thy Pity follow'd, when decoy'd  
By the Apostate Prince of Hell,  
He from his due Allegiance fell,  
Thou wouldst not see him be destroy'd.

V.

Thou vouch'd'st for his Ransom then,  
In Time's due Fulness to be paid;  
Taking his Sins upon thy Head,  
As Surety unto God for Men.

VI.

And when Thou saw'st the Vengeance-Cup,  
Though Nature could not chuse but shrink,  
Strong Love engaged Thee to drink,  
To drink the baleful Mixture up,

VII.

And this for me, that I might not  
Burn in an everlasting Hell;  
But in eternal Glory dwell!  
And can this Kindness be forgot?

VIII.

As soon shall all the Bless'd above  
Unstring their Harps, and lay them by,  
And cease to Hymn thy Throne, as I  
Forget to celebrate thy Love.



## I.

**P**reserve me, O my gracious God,  
 In going out and coming in,  
 Protect my Body from all Harm,  
 But chiefly keep my Soul from Sin.

## II.

I stay within, and go Abroad,  
 Encompass'd with ten Thousand Deaths,  
 The meanest Atom, didst Thou give  
 Commission, soon would stop my Breath.

## III.

Yea, if one little Moment Thou  
 Thy Preservations didst suspend,  
 How soon, without their Agency,  
 Would Life and all its Comforts end.

## IV.

Soon would Thy leaving me be seen  
 In sliding Steps, and broken Bones,  
 Sore Sickneses, and grinding Pains,  
 Extorting Sighs, and Tears, and Groans.

## V.

My little All, without thy Care,  
 Would soon take Wing and fly away ;  
 While Thieves break thro', or Fire consume,  
 Or Floods o'erwhelm, or Men betray.

Scan-

## VI.

Scandal would wholly blast my Name,  
Prison, or Exile be my Doom;  
Friends would withdraw, Acquaintance fly,  
And none to Help, or Pity come.

## VII.

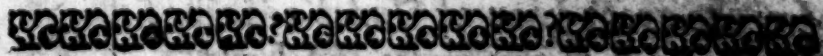
May my Concerns, Lord, be thy Care,  
Who ever carest for thine own:  
Still let thy Power, and faithful Love  
Be, in my Preservation, shown.

## VIII.

However, Lord, thy Will be done:  
And if for my unnumber'd Faults,  
Or, for my Trial, I must be  
Into the deepest Sorrows brought,

## IX.

I will thine Indignation bear;  
Not Sin, nor charge Thee foolishly:  
I'll wait to see thy End, O Lord,  
And tho' Thou slay'st me, trust in Thee.



## PART II.

## X.

But whatsoe'er shall be my Lot,  
I beg, and cannot be deny'd,  
That into known presumptuous Sins  
I never may be drawn aside.

Thou

## XI.

Thou see'st my helpless Soul beset  
 With Enemies, who all agree  
 To draw me into hidden Snares,  
 Or drive me into those I see.

## XII.

Thou know'st, O Lord, thy simple Dove  
 Is not the subtle Serpent's Match;  
 But must be taken in his Nets,  
 Except thine Eye both guide, and watch.

## XIII.

May that good Spirit, who alone  
 Searches thy deep Things, He to whom  
 The Depths of Satan Shallows are,  
 Ever to my Direction come.

## XIV.

How can thy poor unarmed Sheep  
 The Roaring Lion e'er withstand?  
 It needs must be his easy Prey,  
 If Thou with-hold'st thy powerful Hand.

## XV.

May the great Lion of Judah's Tribe,  
 The Captain of thy Hosts, O Lord,  
 Whenever I am sorely prest,  
 Succour and timely Aids afford.

## XVI.

I dwell in an enchanted Land,  
 Where the great Sorc'refs keeps her Court:  
 Around me numerous Phantoms fly,  
 And Vanities of every sort.

False



XVII.

False Hopes allure, vain Fears alarm,  
Empty Delights amuse my Soul;  
Fruitless and needless Cares distract,  
Which all my Reason can't controul.

XVIII.

But what most aggravates my Case,  
Is a most base deceitful Heart;  
Which, howsoe'er I watch and strive,  
Baffles my Strength, and mocks my Art.

XIX.

Have Pity on me, O my God,  
And save my Soul from every Foe:  
So Devil, and World, and Flesh, in vain  
Shall seek my Darling's overthrow.



*King's Birth-Day, 1722.*

I.

**M**Y Muse, take down thy Harp again;  
Tune it, and try if thou canst sing:  
This Day must needs deserve it well,  
For 'tis the Birth-Day of the King.

II.

When Friends of *Rome*, restor'd to Power,  
Revell'd in Wine, and Lust, and Blood,  
They little thought a Child just born  
Should reign, and crush the Popish Brood.

While

## III.

While the best Friends of *Britain's* Peace  
Were mourning, or rejoic'd with Fear,  
This Happy, this Auspicious Day  
Prepar'd us a Deliverer.

## IV.

The Infant Prince was Heaven's Care;  
Ministring Spirits were its Guard:  
The hopeful Child, the sprightly Youth,  
The full-grown Man, was still their Ward.

## V.

Under Heaven's choicest Influence He  
Was form'd; and moulded for a Throne:  
And while no Crown in prospect was,  
In Royal Qualities He shone.

## VI.

Great *William*, (Blessing on that Name)  
When He had stemm'd the mighty Tide,  
Foresaw the Danger would return,  
And wisely did Relief provide.

## VII.

He knew the Rage and Craft of *Rome*,  
And Frailty of a Female Heart:  
He knew deceitful Statesmens Tricks,  
And how *Their* Church would act her part.

## VIII.

And while his labouring *Soul* was rack'd  
With Thoughts to save a sinking Land,  
Heav'n brought our *Hero* to his Thoughts,  
As equal to the high Command.

IX.

So destin'd for the Work He came,  
Just when our Foes had fix'd a Scheme,  
Which his Approach did disconcert,  
And made it vanish like a Dream.

X.

And ever since in vain they plot,  
In vain against his Crown conspire;  
The Means they use to pull Him down  
Shall only serve to raise Him higher.

IV



*The Search after Happiness.*

I.

**L**ong have I sought, but sought in vain,  
To find where sweet *Repose* do's dwell:  
Of every Creature I have ask'd,  
But none its blest Abode could tell.

II.

I sought it in the glittering Court,  
I sought it in the golden Mines,  
I sought it in the flowing Bowl,  
And in the Place where Beauty shines.

III.

In Mirth, in Musick, and in Song,  
In Crowds, and in Retirement sweet,  
In Friends, and Books, and every Thing;  
But could not, what I sought for, meet.

At

## IV.

At last I heard a Voice behind  
 My busy Soul, which sweetly said,  
 Come follow me, and thou shalt soon  
 Unto her Temple be convey'd.

## V.

I turn'd, and saw a Beam of Light,  
 Which led my Eye beyond the Stars:  
 There, said my Guide, Repose do's dwell,  
 Above the reach of worldly Cares.

## VI.

Thither, in quest of Peace, I go;  
 And though I slowly make my Way,  
 I'll steadily pursue the Paths  
 That lead to everlasting Day.

## I.

With feeble Voice, and artless Notes,  
 When I attempt thy Praise,  
 I wonder, O my God, thou canst  
 Accept my homely Lays.

## II.

Thousands of Thousands hymn thy Throne  
 With Songs celestial;  
 And their united Harmony  
 Short of thy Glory fall.

What



III.

What then is Man, that Thou shouldst lend  
To him a gracious Ear;  
Regard his Songs of Praise, and deign  
His humble Prayer to hear.

IV.

But when I think how JESUS sits  
My Advocate above,  
I cannot wonder Thou regard'st  
That Object of thy Love.

V.

That which is mine, is, I confess,  
Mean to the last Degree;  
But when He makes it his, it must  
Be pleasing unto Thee.



I.

O Lord, I blith to think  
How I've forgotten Thee,  
Who, through the Course of all my Life,  
Hast mindful been of me.

II.

Thou form'st me in the Womb,  
And kindly brought'st me thence;  
And ever since I've been the Care  
Of thy good Providence.

My

## III.

My helpless Infancy  
 Was succour'd by thy Love :  
 Those blessed Spirits tended me  
 Which see thy Face above.

## IV.

Thou didst, with growing Heat  
 My tender Vitals warm ;  
 And taught'st my unexperienc'd Limbs  
 Their Office to perform.

## V.

Thou didst my Childhood guard,  
 When I was void of Thought ;  
 And when I into Dangers run,  
 Thy Hand Salvation brought.

## VI.

Thou taught'st me first to Think,  
 And led'st my Thoughts to Thee :  
 Thou shew'dst me what I ought to chuse,  
 And what I ought to flee.

## VII.

When youthful Passions rag'd,  
 And Reason's Sway disdain'd,  
 I was, by thy preventing Grace,  
 From fatal Crimes restrain'd.

## VIII.

My Shepherd Thou hast been,  
 And all my Wants supply'd :  
 In all the Troubles of my Life  
 Hast never Help deny'd.

Thou

IX.

Thou taught'st me how to Pray,  
And lift my Soul to Thee ;  
And when I poured out my Heart,  
Hast heard me graciously.

X.

O still remember me,  
As Thou hast heretofore:  
O be my Guide, e'en unto Death,  
And God for evermore.



*Sacrament Day.*

I.

**B**Ehold the Morning shines  
Of that dear blessed Day,  
In which I must, to CHRIST my Lord,  
A solemn Homage pay.

II.

I to his House must go,  
And at his Table feast :  
Bestir thy self, my Soul, that thou  
May'st be a worthy Guest.

III.

Arise, and dress thy self  
In all thy best Attire:  
Shine in each Ornament, that He  
Thy Beauty may desire.

## IV.

O Lord, increase my Faith,  
And ev'ry Doubt remove :  
Give vent to penitential Tears,  
And kindle up my Love.

## V.

O fix my wandring Thoughts;  
My dull Affections raise :  
Unite my Heart to fear thy Name,  
And fill my Mouth with Praise.



## I.

**W**Hen, on the *few and evil Days*  
Of my past *Pilgrimage*,  
I serious Reflections make,  
And close my Thoughts engage,

## II.

What various Passions in my Breast  
From the Survey arise :  
One View spreads Gladness o'er my Heart,  
And at the next it dies.

## III.

Now starts a Thought, which makes me take  
Hy Harp, and try to sing  
The Praises of a gracious God,  
And thankful Tribute bring.

But



IV.

But e'er my Instrument is tun'd,  
A melancholy turn  
Is given by another Thought,  
And I sit down and mourn.

V.

The Dangers, which I have escap'd,  
With Horror I reveiw;  
And when I think of former Wounds,  
Thought makes 'em bleed anew.

VI.

Then in a different Light I see  
Past Grievs and Fears; and raise  
My thankful Voice, to celebrate  
My great Deliv'rer's Praise.

VII.

Now all the Follies of my Life  
Crowd in upon my Mind;  
And with unsufferable Weight  
My wounded Spirit grind.

VIII.

Then Thoughts, that God is Merciful,  
And freely will forgive,  
Compose me, and I sweetly think  
Who dy'd, that I might live.

IX.

And when that Thought has dwelt a while  
Upon my calmed Soul,  
Afresh new Winds arise, and o'er  
My Heart tempestuous roll.

Thus

VERSES ON

X.

Thus I am toss'd from Wave to Wave,  
And find no settled Rest;  
Now lifted up to Heav'n, and then  
As low as Hell depress'd.

XI.

Lord, smile upon my troubled Soul,  
And, by thy pow'rful Voice,  
Make the distressing Storm subside,  
And still the Water's Noise.

XII.

Before a steady, gentle Gale  
May I the Harbour make;  
And safe at my bless'd Port arrive,  
And soon ; for J E S U S sake.





## A Travelling Thought.

I.

**T**HE Christian's Life a Pilgrimage,  
And through it all he'll find,  
Weather, and Ways, both fair, and foul,  
Adventures cross, and kind.

II.

Thro' pinching Cold, and scorching Heat,  
Strong Winds, and heavy Rain,  
While Lightnings flash, and Thunders roar,  
He must his Course maintain.

III.

Many a Time he'll miss his Way,  
Wanting a faithful Guide,  
Benighted too in slippery Paths  
His Steps will often slide.

IV.

Perils from Thieves he must expect,  
Who lie in wait to steal,  
And robb'd, and wounded, want a good  
Samaritan to heal.

V.

In Thirst, and Hunger, hard bestead,  
His Soul may in him faint,  
And to repose his weary Limbs  
A resting Place may want.

E

## VI.

The sweet Companions of his Way  
 May part, or prove unkind;  
 When fall'n, he may have none to raise,  
 When plung'd no Helper find.

## VII.

And when thro' long extended Tracts,  
 Of which he sees no end,  
 He takes his solitary Way,  
 No Thought can Comfort lend.

## VIII.

Unless some friendly Spirit chear,  
 Some Minister of Grace,  
 Sent out to guide him in his Way,  
 And guard him to his Place.

## IX.

Be Thou, O Lord, my Light, my Strength,  
 My Leader, and my Guard;  
 And lo! to follow Thee I am  
 At all Events prepar'd.

## X.

And when my Pilgrimage is done  
 I'll set me down, and sing  
 That Grace, which to his Place of Rest  
 Did the poor Pilgrim bring.



Right



*Righteous art Thou, O Lord, when I  
plead with thee, Jer. xii. 1.*

I.

**M**Y dearest JESUS let me speak,  
And do not, do not, angry be,  
I must, or else my Heart will break,  
Declare my inward secret Griefs to Thee

II.

I do not of my Lot complain,  
I beg no Vengeance on my Foes,  
'Tis neither Want, nor Shame, nor Pain,  
From whence my sore distressing Anguish flows

III.

'Tis neither worldly Grief, nor Care  
That heavy on my Soul does sit,  
I can both want, and stoop, and bear,  
As Providence from Time to Time sees fit

IV.

Tho' Thou art Righteous, let me plead,  
While I thy Justice still avow,  
Why dost not Thou sufficient Grace  
In every Time of need to me allow?

V.

Why must Corruption still be strong?  
And why Temptations so prevail?  
Does not all Power to Thee belong?  
And can thy Truth or tender Mercy fail?

VI.

I purpose, struggle, vow and pray,  
Yet still ungovern'd Passions rise,  
Vanity bears my Thoughts away,  
And all within in sad Disorder lies.

VII.

Thou that know'st all Things know'st I love,  
I love Thee, and I even hate  
My self, because so oft I prove,  
To my best Friend, so treach'rous and ingrate.

VIII.

Canst Thou be pleas'd with Sin, or are  
My Wounds, and Bruises thy Delight,  
That Thou thus turn'st away my Pray'r  
When I a clean Heart beg, and Spirit upright.

IX.

Thou know'st, O Lord, I do not lie,  
How false soe'er my Heart may be,  
When I protest I'd rather die,  
Than live continually offending Thee.

X.

Thus in her Bitterness, my Soul,  
Complain'd, and I as a meekly heard,  
And mildly said, I will behold  
Thy Love, I'm pleas'd, and do Thou be cheer'd.

XI.

Only have Patience till the Day,  
The Day of thy Departure come:  
The Reasons then of my Delay, [home.  
At large I'll tell thee, when I've fetch'd thee



*A Thought in Sickness.*

I.

**T**HO' Flesh, and Blood cannot sustain  
The Shock of Sickness, Sore, and Pain,  
And Reason's hardly brought to bear  
The Thought, that Death's Approach is near.

II.

Yet I from sacred Records know  
What God's sufficient Grace can do.  
To Him I'll therefore make my Pray'r,  
To Him for timely Help repair.

III.

His Indignation bear I must,  
For I have sinn'd, and He is just.  
Lord! help me meekly to resign,  
Nor may I, though I groan, repine.

IV.

This also I have understood,  
His Son has dy'd, and He is good,  
Is good and ready to forgive,  
And oft has bid the Dying live.

V.

When all the Cares of tender Friends,  
And wise Physicians miss their Ends,  
His mighty Arm the Lord reveals,  
Sends forth his pow'rful Word, and heals.



## VI.

Lord, spare me, if it be thy Will,  
Nor let the present Arrow kill,  
But let thy raised Servant prove  
A Monument of thy Pow'r, and Love.

## VII.

And may what's added to my Days,  
In humble Duty, Love and Praise,  
Serenely pass; and when I die,  
My Soul to thy Embraces fly.



Isa. xl. *Comfort ye.*

## I.

**W**herefore that Sigh, and solemn Air?  
Why sits that Gloom upon thy Brow?  
What cause of Grief, or ground of Fear,  
My dear dejected Soul, hast thou?

## II.

Does Guilt oppress thee? Sure the Blood  
Of JESUS can thy Conscience purge,  
The Righteousness of CHRIST, thy God,  
Against all Accusations urge.

## III.

Is thy new Birth in question? try  
By what the Spirit has in thee wrought,  
Can any lifeless Infant cry,  
Or be to love its Father taught?

Thou



IV.

Thou mourn'st Corruptions sadly strong,  
But has it not its deadly Wound?  
Its dying Struggles shan't be long,  
But thou be soon with Vict'ry crown'd.

V.

Great is the Devil's Rage, 'tis true,  
But himself knows his Time is short;  
Faint not, though push'd, the Fight renew,  
And soon he'll make his last Effort.

VI.

Though in the Path where now thou go'st,  
Sirens allure, and Monsters scare,  
Soon thou'lt arrive at that bless'd Coast  
Where none of Hell's Enchantments are.

VII.

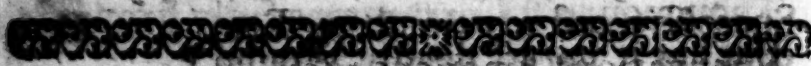
Thou tak'st thy Way disconsolate,  
Under the thickest Shades of Night,  
Soon He that Darkness does create,  
Shall be thy Everlasting Light.

VIII.

Chear up, I see the Morning Star  
Hast'ning to usher in the Day,  
I hear my JESUS from afar,  
Cry, *Haste, my Love, and come away.*

Even so come, Lord JESUS!

VERSES ON



I.

**J**ESUS! that sweetest dearest Name,  
My chief Delight and only Joy,  
On Him my best and freest Hours,  
And choicest Thoughts, I will employ.

II.

Far He outshines the Morning Stars,  
And all those elder Sons of God,  
Who sung, and shouted when the Earth  
He fix'd, and spread the Heavens abroad.

III.

They at his Throne submissive bow,  
And all his high Commands obey,  
Gladly they his Commission bear,  
E'en to the utmost Realms of Day.

IV.

Nor at his Word do they disdain  
To attend his numble Friends below,  
But where Saints make their mean Abode,  
As well as their own Mansions know.

V.

Nor is this wonderful, since He,  
Their glorious Lord, forsook his Throne  
To visit Earth, and on the Cross  
Dy'd, that He might our Sins atone.

When

*Various Occasions.*

VI.

When I upon that Cross and Throne,  
Successive cast my wond'ring Eye,  
What various Emotions rise,  
And fill my Breast alternately!

VII.

I pity suff'ring Innocence,  
Admire the Firmness of his Mind;  
With *Indignation* see his Foes  
So cruel, and his Friends so 'nkind.

VIII.

I weep to see Him bleed and die,  
And *blush* to think my Sins the Cause;  
I tremble at the Wrath of God,  
Avenging thus his broken Laws.

IX.

On th' other Hand, how I'm amaz'd,  
When I his peerless Glory view,  
How Fear and Joy contend, when Faith,  
My Judge, at once, and Saviour shews.

X.

I'm *dazzled* with the Light that shines  
Around his high uplifted Throne,  
And *charm'd* when I that Light behold,  
And Joy, which for the Just is foun.

XI.

But whether Him whom I have pierc'd,  
I mourn, or Him exalted sing,  
Each Passion issues all in Love  
To JESUS, Sacrifice and King.

Hymn II

IV



## P S A L M cxlv. 3.

*His Greatness is unsearchable.*

I.

**T**HE Lord our God is very Great,  
How Great no mortal Tongue can tell,  
Nor are they equal to the Task,  
Who ever in his Presence dwell.

II.

Beyond the farthest Stars of Light  
Which from unmeasur'd distance shine,  
He is: And no imagin'd Space  
Can his Immensity define.

III.

Angels, who pass from World to World  
Swifter than Sun-beams bringing Day,  
Can ne'er the Limits of that Light,  
In which their Maker dwells, survey.

IV.

Capacious be their Minds, their Hearts  
Large as the Sands that bound the Sea;  
Yet making this Attempt in vain  
Would all their Calculations be

The



V.

[Length

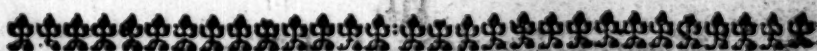
The Height, the Depth, the Breadth, and  
Of God's Perfections, Thoughts and Ways,  
Disdaining Number, Line, and Scale,  
Wonder admit alone, and Praise,

VI.

O then, my Soul, admire, and bless  
His boundless Wisdom, Grace, and Pow'r,  
Fear, Love, and Trust in him, and what  
Thou canst not comprehend, adore.

VII.

Adore, and tremble at the Thought  
Of having such an Enemy:  
Adore, and triumph in the Faith,  
That He'll thy Friend and Portion be.



*The Relief.*

I.

**T**Hink, O my Soul, there is a Law  
Thy Conduct to direct;  
And He who has prescrib'd it, does  
Thy Motions all inspect.

II.

The close Retirements of thy Heart  
His flaming Eyes survey;  
He does each secret Spring discern,  
And ev'ry Action weigh.

## III.

In adamantine Tables He  
Writes every Passage down,  
Which in the last great Opening Day  
Shall publickly be shewn.

## IV.

Conscience, the faithful Record, shall,  
As most exact, avow,  
Howe'er by various Arts it may  
Be brib'd and blinded now.

## V.

Oh! If the Prospect of this Day  
Shocks, and confounds thee so,  
What wilt thou, when the awful Trump  
Shall introduce it, do?

## VI.

If a believing Thought of Him  
Who dy'd for sinful Men,  
Support me now, the Sight of Him  
Will surely do it then.





*A Sinner's Complaint of a hard Heart,  
and wandering Mind in Duty.*

I.

**T**IS the great Trouble of my Life,  
To which all others trivial are,  
That with such Difficulty, I,  
To seek my God, my Heart prepare.

II.

That, when I from the World retire  
To read, or meditate, or pray,  
A Trifle shall unhinge my Mind,  
And steal my easy Heart away.

III.

Sometimes I scarce can think at all,  
And am as stupid as a Stone:  
Often my Thoughts are all confus'd,  
And into wild Disorder run.

IV.

Yea, when I have them at Command,  
And they most regularly flow,  
'Tis barren Speculation oft,  
Nor does my Heart with Musing glow.

V.

If any Time a pleasant Hour,  
In Converse with my God I spend,  
The Sweet is short, and does too oft  
In Pride, or in Remissness end.

Was

## VI.

Was ever Grief like mine? O sure  
 There never was a Wretch like me!  
 My Heart would break did I not know  
 My Jesus! There is Help in Thee.

## VII.

Thou canst unite, and fix, and raise  
 This dead, cold, rambling Heart of mine;  
 And by thy Grace make all that is  
 Within me, in thy Service join.

## VIII.

For this thou know'st I strive, and pray  
 With all my Soul; and if I must  
 This Burden bear through all my Days,  
 I will in thy Compassions trust.

## IX.

For what thou see'st I cannot help,  
 Thou wilt not let thine Anger burn;  
 But order Matters so, that this  
 Sad Circumstance to good shall turn.

## X.

Make that, of which I so complain,  
 Humble me to the very Dust;  
 Take me intirely off from Self,  
 And lead me in Free Grace to trust.

## XI.

Shall not this make me long for Heaven,  
 And reconcile me to the Way  
 Which thither leads, where from my God  
 A single Thought shall never stray.

Where



XII.

Where my whole Soul incessantly  
Shall be imploy'd in Work Divine;  
So wonderful a Change shall pass,  
Even on such a Heart as mine.

.III



*The Reprisal.*

.I.

**S**INCE in despite of all my Care,  
A wandering Heart to fix,  
Worldly Impertinencies will  
With my Devotions mix.

.II.

My Business, and Diversions too  
Shall interrupted be,  
With many a sweet, and pious Thought,  
My dearest Lord, of thee.

.IV



*The Remove.*

.I.

**T**HIS awful Truth, that Man must die,  
Of no Dispute admits;  
Nor, that the Soul shall still survive,  
When she this Dwelling quits.

And

II.

And can that Wretch, to any Point  
Of Wisdom make pretence,  
Who thinks not whither he shall go,  
When he's dislodg'd from hence?

III.

He, that by such a Day prefix'd  
His native Land must leave;  
Or, e'en his Cottage to resign  
Due Warning does receive;

IV.

Thinks often whither he shall go,  
And will Provision make;  
Yea, oftentimes does Care that is  
Not necessary take.

V.

But we, who quickly from this World  
To one unknown must go,  
And there, by Heav'n's Decree, be fix'd  
In endless Bliss or Woe.

VI.

Thoughtless of an eternal State  
Can go a silly Round  
Of mean Amusements; like to this  
Was ever Madness found?





Of God's Patience.

I.

WHEN I the awful Attributes  
Of Heaven's tremendous King,  
To bear upon my Mind, by close  
Consideration bring.

II.

How He, a Holy God, and Just,  
No partial Fondness knows;  
How none can 'scape his Eye, or his  
Almighty Arm oppose.

III.

That if He to Destruction turn'd  
The whole of Human Race,  
By the same Pow'r He straightway could  
Raise Millions in their Place.

IV.

How Thousands, and ten Thousands now  
Remain among the Dead,  
Doom'd to Damnation, who ne'er liv'd  
The Days I've numbered.

V.

And when I recollect what Time,  
And Warnings He has given,  
With loudest Calls, and choicest Means,  
To make my Peace with Heaven;

## VI.

I find it hard to tell, which may  
 The greater Wonder be ;  
 The Riches of his Patience, or  
 My own Stupidity.

## VII.

O ! may it not appear that I  
 Was only spar'd, until  
 I should of mine Iniquity  
 The dreadful Measure fill.

## VIII.

But may the Patience of my God  
 Me to Repentance bring,  
 That I, with pardon'd Penitents,  
 His Praise may ever sing. Amen.

## P S A L. xxxix. II.

*Surely every Man is Vanity.*

## I.

\* **C**hildhood and Youth are Vanity,  
 Saith the inspired Sage :  
 And the same Character's as fit  
 For more advanced Age.

\* Eccl. II. 10.

What



## Various Occasions.

91

### II.

What is the Man of *Business* more,  
Who for this World projects,  
From whence he may be snatch'd to Night,  
And thinks not of the next?

### III.

What is the Man of *Pleasure* else,  
Who squanders Life away,  
(Regardless of a future State)  
In Sloth, and Feast, and Play?

### IV.

He's vain in every Stage of Life  
Who does his Time employ  
On momentary Trifles, and  
Neglects Eternity.



## Going to Church.

### I.

Consider, O my Soul,  
Before thou do'st begin  
The solemn Service of the Day,  
Whose Presence thou art in.

### II.

Thou stand'st before a God,  
To whose All-searching Eye,  
The Secrets of each mortal Heart  
Naked and open lie.

Unless

## III.

Unless the Heart be right  
In vain the bended Knee,  
The heaving Breast, corrected Eye,  
And rueful Voice will be.

## IV.

In Spirit and in Truth,  
O let me worship Him,  
Who knows when I appear devout,  
If I am what I seem.

## V.

He cannot be deceiv'd,  
And shall a Mortal dare  
To mock, and trifle with a God  
Whose Frowns Damnation are.

---

*The Name of JESUS.*

## I.

**J**ESUS! That Name, what'er it be  
To others, must be dear to me,  
Far beyond every Name of Love  
In Earth beneath, or Heav'n above.

## II.

Whatever Musick in the Sound,  
Of Friend, or Lover, may be found,  
Or Saint, or Angel, this dear Word,  
Does Charms beyond them all afford.

*Jesus!*

III.

*Jesus!* the only Name that's given,  
Under the wide Extent of Heaven,  
To which Offenders great as I,  
Must, if they would be sav'd, apply.

IV.

This I'll remember more than Wine,  
Or Oil, which makes the Face to shine;  
O, 'tis an Ointment poured forth,  
Precious, beyond what Worlds are worth!

V.

At this bless'd Name my Soul shall bow  
In humble Adoration low:  
In this prevailing Name I'll bring  
My Offerings to the Heavenly King.

VI.

In it I'll ask for all I need,  
And venture with a God to plead:  
Protest I must not be deny'd,  
Since He well knows who for me dy'd.

VII.

When through the Wilderness I pass,  
Wastes that afford nor Springs, nor Grass,  
Where Serpents hiss, and Lions yell;  
On this dear Name my Thoughts shall dwell.

VIII.

*Jesus!* my Love, my Life, my All,  
Upon thy Name I'll ever call,  
For it I'll die, and in it trust,  
When Flesh is turning into Dust.

And

## IX.

And when I gain the farther Side  
Of that great Flood, which does divide  
The Desert from the promis'd Land,  
Jesus shall eccho o'er the Strand.

## X.

Angels shall bless the joyful Sound,  
Compass the happy Stranger round;  
And, while they guide me to his Seat,  
Jesus ten Thousand Times repeat.

## XI.

Then reach a golden Harp, and shew  
The Tunes to which their Anthems go;  
So mixing in their Choir I'll sing,  
Ever my Jesus, and their King. Amen!

~~~~~

What is your Life? is it not a Vapour?

&c.

I.

THE Shortness and Uncertainty
Of Human Life all own, and mourn
That Death should pitch his fatal Toils
Round us as soon as we are born.

II.

But though this melancholy Truth
There's no Man living but avows;
Who does consider it aright?
Who to it its full Weight allows?

How

III.

How many foolishly cut short
Their Span, and hasten on their Fate,
By Pleasures to Excess indulg'd,
Or Cares, and Griefs inordinate.

IV.

And many of those who wiser seem,
As if a heavy Burden lay
Upon their Hands, contrive for Means
To pass the tedious Hours away.

V.

Yea, are there not too many Fools
Who do abuse the Thought, and cry
Let's eat and drink, and sport to Day,
Because to Morrow we must die?

VI.

Survey the Human Race, and see
How few the Sons of Wisdom are,
Who, moved by this Thought, work out
Their own Salvation with Fear?

VII.

How few, who seeing Time is short,
And such the Things of Time must prove,
Sit loose from all that's here below,
And set their Hearts on Things above?

VIII.

How few, who since the Evil Days
Of a short Life must soon expire,
In Patience do possess their Souls,
And Resignation entire.

IX.

Grant me, O Lord, thy Grace, that I
 May be among the happy Few,
 Who make a right Improvement of
 What all acknowledge to be true.

*Lord's Day.*

[Lord
HAIL Queen of Days! The Sovereign
 Of Time hath consecrated Thee,
 That thou shouldst a Memorial be,
 How He is faithful to his Word.

II.

That Word, on which his Goodness made
 Our Parents hope, when first undone
 That of the Woman's Seed, a Son
 Should bruise th' Infernal Serpent's Head.

III.

This was made good, when from his Throne
 His dear, His only Son, He sent
 (On captiv'd Man's Deliverance bent)
 To crush the Powers of Hell alone.

IV.

He came, and with Compassion saw
 How Satan tyranniz'd below,
 Then on the Cross engag'd the Foe
 And brake his Strength in Golgotha.

The

V.

The King, on whom all Terror waits,
With His own Arrows there He quell'd ;
Nor could He in the Grave be held,
But burst its adamantinè Gates.

VI.

Thy Dawn His first Appearance bless'd,
When, rising with the Glorious Spoil,
Reward of unexampled Toil,
He did from all His Labours rest :

VII.

Rested, and sanctify'd thy Light,
In which His Ransom'd are to bring
Homage to Him, victorious King,
As long as Day succeeds the Night.



The Funeral.

I.

Nature directs, that when the Soul
Is from its earthly Mansion fled,
We, in our common Parents Womb,
Hide out of Sight our dearest Dead.

II.

And since the Bodies of the Just
Are Temples of the Holy Ghost,
Which, though demolish'd, shall be built
Again, and not a Dust be lost ;

HI.

Religion claims, that decently
And that the precious Ruins should
Proper Respects at Parting have.

IV.

That as the Living they lay
The Death of Righteous Men to Heart,
While at the solemn Rites they bear,
With Signs of real Grief, a part;

V.

So they undaunted at the Gates
Of the great King of Terrors, say,
A greater King than he shall soon
Oblige him to resign his Prey.

VI.

All this is right: But when Men's Pride
Makes Fun'rals but a Pageant-Shew,
Their Vanity does only serve
T' adorn the Triumph of our Foe.

VII.

That Foe, whose strong unerring Hand,
When Heaven shall signify its Will,
The sorrowing Mourners, and the glad,
And all the gazing Crowd will kill.

VIII.

Yea, who shall see the Lord
And shall be with him
And shall be with him
And shall be with him

Various Occasions.

22

III

And that the precious words should
Proper Repetition and have

IV

*Free Grace the only Source of a settled
thankful Frame.*

I.

WHEN in a lively, cheerful Fit
My eager Soul would try to raise
A grateful Altar to her God,
And bring the Sacrifice of Praise.

II.

Making a close, distinct Survey
Of all, in which He has been kind,
She thinks Materials to collect,
To furnish out her great Design.

III.

If the Review of Troubles past
Don't make her Wounds to bleed again;
Yea, though she undisturb'd can bear
The Thoughts of long since pardon'd Sin.

IV.

Yet will a Sense of un-improv'd,
And ill-requited Favours turn
All to Complaint, and make her, when
She thought to sing, sit down and mourn.

F 2

To

Free

VERSES OR

To the new-rising Scene of Joy
Succeeds a melancholy Gloom;
Each pleasing Thought withdraws, and leaves
Dismal Reflections in its Room.

VI.

Confusion fills my Face, and Tears
My Eyes, and Sighing rends my Heart;
Even my Words are swallow'd up,
And ev'ry Thought's a poison'd Dart.

VII.

Till Faith in God's Eternal Love,
Which freely, and unchanging flows
Through Christ, who is my Righteousness,
And Strength, the Spring of Comfort shews.

VIII.

Free Grace the Tempter drives away,
And with him fly the Shades of Night;
The Beams of Jesu's Face dispel
The Gloom, and all around me's Light.

IX.

Then I lift up my Head, and take
Again the pleasant Harp, and sing;
And without Interruption build
My Altar, and my Offering bring.





To the new-rising scene of joy
 And to the new-rising scene of sorrow
 Which in the new-rising scene of joy
 And to the new-rising scene of sorrow
 Which in the new-rising scene of joy
 And to the new-rising scene of sorrow

OF all the Unaccountables
 Which shock a serious Mind,
 It's most astonishing to see,

The Proud and Sinful join'd,
 III.

That he, who is a Slave to Lust,
 His own and others too,
 And by the Devil led, can all
 His vilest Drudg'ry do,

III.
 Should boast the Freedom of his Will,
 And Compass of his Mind;
 Tell of his gen'rous Acts, and how
 The Laws of Honour bind.

IV.
 That he, who does his Strength, and Time,
 In fatal Trifles waste,
 Should vaunt himself of Judgment strong,
 And Delicacy of Taste.

V.
 Pride him in the vast Produce
 Of wide and well till'd Fields;
 And the scarce credible Increase
 His well plac'd Thousands yield.

VI

Whilst yet his Soul's choice Vineyard all
Uncultivated lies,
And Talents hid or squander'd, which
Should gain the heavenly Prize.

VII

Of stately Palaces he's proud,
And costly Furniture
In which his Name, he fondly hopes,
Shall many an Age endure.

VIII

Mean while the Pit, which for him waits,
He at a Distance sets;
And the dark Mansions, Wrath has built
For Sinners, he forgets.

IX

Although his Blood's corrupt, as from
Attainted Rebels sprung,
And himself lost, for highest Crimes,
B' in Chains mortal hung.

X

Without Repentance, yet the Wretch,
With Soul as black as Hell,
Proudly of Ancestry, high Birth,
And noble Blood, can tell.

XI

A Sinner; chief of Sinners, Lord
Be merciful to me, I pray
And grant, where'er I am, I may
Nor a proud Sinner be.

Self-Examination before the Lord's
Supper.

I Hope my Heart is right with God,
And think it is sincere;
And if 'tis thus indeed, the Case
Will a fresh Scrutiny bear.

If not, of what Importance 'tis
To search the Matter through;
To touch the glittering Ore again,
Nor take false Gold for true.

No Tongue the fatal Consequence
Of such Mistake can tell;
How dreadful must it be to dream
Of Heaven, and wake in Hell.

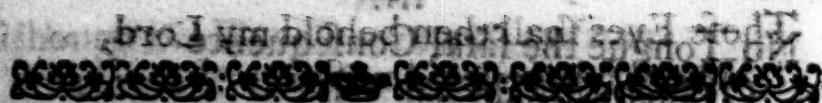
Oh then, awaken all thy Power,
And all thy Self exert;
My Soul, grudge not the Pains, nor shun
The necessary Smart.

Open thy self, and naked stand;
Take off each false disguise;
Unvail thy Heart, though shame thy Face
Cover, and Blushes hide.

VI.
Admit the Light, apply the Rule,
The faithful Balance take;
And when it doth thee for judge,
Let Conscience freely speak.

VII.
But, O! neglect not to engage
A greater than thy Heart
Over the Trial to preside,
And needful Light impart.

VIII.
Then if thy Heart condemns thee not,
Thy Work will Comfort bring;
And at the Blessed Table thou
May'st sit, and feast, and sing.



I COR. xi. 26.

— Ye do shew forth the Lord's Death
till He come.

III.
NOW I've been shewing forth the Death
Of my Redeemer dear,
I must this cheering Thought admit,
He will again appear.

Not

Various Occasions.

II.

Not as at first, his Glory veil'd
Under a mean Disguise,
Becoming one that was to be
A Curse, and Sacrifice.

III.

But in His Father's Glory, and
In Brightness of His own
Full shining, and reflected from
Th' Attendants on his Throne.

IV.

Then shall the solemn Trump of God
The wide Creation shake ;
Whose Voice, where-e'er they sleeping lie,
The Dead shall hear and wake.

V.

These Eyes shall then behold my Lord,
Whom I have lov'd unseen ;
And the sweet Tokens of whose Love
All my Delights have been.

VI.

And when with all the Sons of God,
I Him surrounded see,
I need no ministring Spirit ask
To tell Me which is He.

VII.

He'll at first sight be by His most
Transcendent Brightness known ;
As midst Ten Thousand Lamps the Sun
By his own Beams is shewn.

VIII

Even should, by Inheritance,
My Divine Charmer know,
By that sweet Influence, which from His
Bless'd Presence us'd to flow.

IX

Nor shall a Thought like this the least
Uncertainty afford,
Through the surrounding Myriads, how
Shall I approach my Lord

X

Think how all living Things are dear'd
By the returning Sun
And endless Millions feel his Power
As if they were but one.

XII

Then, and for ever after, will
My dearest Jesus be
As much my Happiness, as if
He had no more but me.





I even more, by which I know
My Divine Chastity know
By that sweet, though I know
But a little more to know.

WE know, vain Man, thou hast a Power
Of Thinking, and thou hast a Power
This thy peculiar Glory is,
And what Inferior Creatures want.

By this it is acknowledg'd, thou
To Heav'n-born Spirits art ally'd;
But do not over-rate thy self;
A few close Thoughts may check thy Pride.

How great a part of Human Life
Passes, while Reason useles lies;
And small Appearances are seen
Of our so boasted Faculties.

What Thoughts arise in *Infant* Minds;
Let the most learned Sages say;
By which they are superior to
The Lamb or Bird, where with they play.

Childhood, and very early
In animal Amusements so;
We eat, and drink, and sleep, and play,
And learn by rote, as Parrots do.

And

VI.

And when to that Estate we come,
When Reason should direct the Will,
Although we may our Play-Things change,
Most of us are but Children still.

VII.

The Rattle, Hobby-Horse, and Ball,
To Race-Horse, Hawk, and Hound, give way;
To Dress, to Equipage, or vain
Amour, or all-devouring Play.

VIII.

To these succeed Desire of Wealth
Exorbitant, or Thirst of Fame
Perpetual; and all our Thoughts
Ever are rack'd to get a Name.

IX.

In every Period of Life
Vanity terminates our Views;
And we, to follow empty Toys,
The Reason we so boast of use.

X.

And if there are a few more wise,
Who think as rational Beings ought,
Set Sleep, and waking Dreams aside,
How little Room is left for Thought?

XI.

How often, when we cry to think,
And closely would a Thought pursue,
Regard to Body calls us off,
Or what to civil Life is due.

And

IXII.X

And when in search of Truth we go,
What Difficulties will attend
Through Weakness, Sloth, or Prejudice
We're born aside, or miss our End.

XIII.

If we, with proper Talents bless'd,
Could all within our Compass know,
Sorrow, with Knowledge, would increase:
The wisest Man has told us so.

XIV.

We then should see what narrow Bounds
Are to our Understandings set,
And mourn like *him, who lack'd more Worlds
To make his Victories complete.

XV.

And after all, how soon may we
Lose, by an unexpected Blow,
The Knowledge we have gain'd, and Pow'r
Of gaining more, and Ideots grow?

XVI.

Besides, consider with what Ease
Our Maker can chastise our Pride,
By making every Thought as Thorns,
Or poison'd Arrows in our Side.

XVII.

I'd have thee know, my Soul, that thou
Art Heaven-born, though Flesh be Dust,
And scorn it as a vile Employ
To make Provision for a Lust.

* Alexander.

EA

XVIII

As Light to a well disposed Eye,
Let Truth be pleasant still to thee;
And sweet as Honey to the Taste,
Let all that's Good and Virtuous be.

XIX

Seek Wisdom as a Jewel, which
All earthly Treasures far exceeds;
But bear it still in Mind, that she
With Modesty and Meekness dwells.

XX

Be not of thy Attainments proud,
Do not pretend above thy Reach;
True Wisdom is what Heaven commands
To do, and learn what He shall teach.

XIV

Wain Fear.

LIV

A Set of few and evil Days
Do number out our Years;
But foolish Men make Evil worse,
By wild unreasonable Fears.

LIV

Each one has his Allotment of Days,
What sort of Days, how much, and when,
Shall to him rise, and those who best
Receive it are the happiest Men.

III. V. X

Surely sufficient to each Day
Its own, its proper Evils are,
Enough to humble, and as much
As Grace with Decency can bear.

IV.

Yet Man, vain, foolish Man, will needs
His future Ills anticipate,
And present Trouble to himself,
From what shall never be, create.

V.

Publick Calamities we dread,
Sword, Pestilence, and Famine fore,
And Antichristian Tyranny,
Big with Ten Thousand Evils more.

VI.

Pain, Sickness, and untimely Death,
And the Infirmities of Age;
Poverty, Shame, and Loss of Friends,
And who knows what our Fears presage.

VII.

Contrary Things, which cannot both
Possibly be, we represent
By turns as certain, and with both
Successively our selves torment.

VIII.

The only Remedy, which true
Wisdom for this Distemper moves
Is present Duty to attend,
And leave Events to God's dispose.

IX

Shine on me, Lord with heav'nly Light,
And warm me more with Holy Love;
Wean me from earthly Things, and make
Me upward soar, and dwell above.

X

And if by thy bless'd Spirit's Aids
My Mind be free, my Duty clear,
And Heart upright, I shall not need
Whatever Days may bring forth fear.

XI

But when the few and evil Days
Of this my Pilgrimage are done,
Strait shall there dawn one joyful Day,
Which ever shall be but begun. Amen

XV



Before the Sacrament.

Lovest thou me?

LOVE thee, my Jesus! Sure I do
Or ever must my self abhor;
Thou know'st the Burden of my Life
Is, that I cannot love thee more.

Beyond

II.

Beyond all Beauties Earth can shew,
And whatsoe'er in Heav'n may shine,
I know Thee Fair, and in Thee see
All possible Perfections shine.

III.

Who that has ever with a View
Of thee, though transient, once been bless'd,
Can be insensible, nor feel
A holy Ardor in his Breast.

IV.

And can my Heart, as hard as 'tis,
The Force of such a Thought decline;
This altogether Lovely one
Loves me, and bids me call Him mine?

V.

When I consider whence thou com'st,
And whither, and on what Design;
And what it cost Thee to redeem
A Wretch, not worth a Thought of thine;

VI.

An evil Heart of Unbelief
Will ask indeed, Can this be true?
With Difficulty I assent;
But Love is easy when I do.

VII.

O let the blessed Spirit breathe,
And scatter every Doubt, and Fear,
So with a Heart all full of Love
I at His Table shall appear.



Spiritual Rain.

I.

HATH Grace, Almighty Sovereign, sown
The Seeds of endless Life in me,
For the bless'd Harvest on that Grace
Must my intire Dependance be.

II.

Needful as Dews, and softening Showers,
To the new sown, or planted Field,
Which if with-held, the Teeming Earth
Fruits of Increase could never yield.

III.

Are the Effusions of his Grace,
To me, which must my Springing bless,
That to my God I may bring forth
The pleasant Fruits of Righteousness.

IV.

For this, my Soul, devoutly pray,
And an incessant Thirst maintain,
As the dry Ground, for following Showers,
Of early, and of later Rain.

V.

To that bless'd Spirit, of whom thou art born,
Thy humble Applications make,
That on His holy Wings He'd bear
Those Clouds, which in great Showers shall

When

And

VI.

And fall upon the well prepar'd,
Divinely cultivated Mould;
That it, or Thirty may bring forth,
Or Sixty, or an Hundred Fold.

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Occasion'd by reading a Book, intitl'd,  
Popish Cruelty exemplify'd. By  
Mr. D'Alas.

IV.

WHEN I, what faithful Records tell  
Of Confessors, and Martyrs, read,  
It shocks my Soul, and does my Thoughts  
Into Surprise and Wonder lead.

II.

I'm all Astonishment, that Men  
Who do their Maker's Image bear,  
Under pretence of Zeal for Him,  
His Image should in Pieces tear.

III.

Those such, as call themselves His Friends,  
Who, dying, did fair Peace bequeath;  
Against his Followers, in His Name,  
Slaughter and Threatnings thus can breathe.

## IV.

When even Birds, and Beasts of Prey  
Spare their own Kind, and Devils agree,  
That Men, who boast their Reason, should  
Such Devils to each other be.

## V.

And when I from these Monsters take  
My Eye, and the meek Sufferers view,  
Their Conduct strikes my Mind, and does  
My Admiration renew.

## VI.

That Human Nature, frail, should in  
The tenderest Sex and Ages, chuse  
The Cross; and on such easy Terms  
Seeming Deliverance should refuse;

## VII.

That Virgins delicately bred,  
And Youths who have no Hardships known;  
And People worn with Age, to whom  
The Grasshopper's a Burden grown;

## VIII.

Should bear a Mind, which all the Frowns  
Of bloody Tyrants cannot shake;  
And such a Constancy maintain  
As even Torture cannot break.

## IX.

To hear them in a Dungeon sing,  
And calmly reason on a Rack;  
To see them with undaunted Heart  
Behold the Halber, Ax, or Stake;

*Various Occasions.*

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X

Is truly marvellous; and that  
Which does the Wonder still increase  
Is this, that chearful they, and meek,  
Can praise their God, and Murd'ers blest.

XI

And when I lift my Mind to Him  
Whose Thunden frighted Nations hear,  
I wonder He can hold His Hand,  
And with the bloody Miscreants bear.

XII

Then I, to ease my lab'ring Mind,  
Into God's Sanctuary go,  
And from the Oracle receive  
A full Account why Things are so.

XIII

Man's Fall, God's All-sufficient Grace,  
And an eternal Judgment near,  
Satisfy my inquiring Soul,  
And ev'ry Difficulty clear.

XIV

Yet still the Plots of Protestants  
Must unaccounted for remain,  
But by Infatuation, who  
Would kindle *Smithfield* Fires again?

XV

Who, to preserve their boasted Church,  
Would fetch from *Rome* a Bigot, nurs'd  
Under old *L—*, whose Name, and their  
Attempts, for ever be accurs'd.

A



To Hail whom all Things must obey  
 Didst make the hanging Monkeys bow  
 And chase them from the Realm of Day  
 A Hymn to JESUS.

MY dear Lord, my glorious King,  
 Whilst I essay thy Praise to sing,  
 To me let thy good Spirit give  
 Some Portion of that heavenly Fire,  
 Which did those Hebrew Songs inspire,  
 In which the Royal Authors live.

II. Thou art the Son of the Most High,  
 Begotten from Eternity;  
 In Thee doth all Thy Father shine,  
 Nor dost Thou count it wrong or blame,  
 To be with Him an equal Name  
 In all Perfections Divine.

III. The stately Fabrick of the Sky,  
 And all the Orbs which roll on High,  
 Rose into Being at Thy Word;  
 Thou spak'st, and up the Angels sprang,  
 With golden Harps all tun'd, and sung  
 The Praise of their acknowledg'd Lord.

IV. When Satan, and his Rebel Crew  
 Did stain the Honour, which was due

To Death, did its Destruction meet,  
 And Grave submit to yield her dead.



To Him, whom all Things must obey,  
 Armed with Thy Father's Thunder Thou  
 Didst make the haughty Monsters bow,  
 And chase 'em from the Realms of Day.

V.

That Hand, which into Darkness hurl'd  
 The Foe, created this new World,  
 And all its wide Apartments fill'd  
 With numerous Hosts, and o'er them plac'd  
 Man, with the Godhead's Image grac'd,  
 To whom they all should Homage yield.

VI.

And, when seduc'd by Arts of Hell  
 Accurs'd, our hapless Parents fell,  
 And Justice Vengeance had prepar'd,  
 Thy Love did kindly interpose  
 On our behalf; and freely chose  
 To suffer what it should award.

VII.

Accordingly thy Blood was spilt,  
 To expiate the Sinner's Guilt,  
 And by thy Suffering on the Tree  
 Justice Divine disarm'd was,  
 And Mercy smiling took its Place,  
 And set the trembling Victim free.

VIII.

Then didst Thou make an End of Sin,  
 And endless Righteousness bring in;  
 There Thou didst bruise the Serpent's Head,  
 The vanquish'd World lay at thy Feet,  
 Grim Death did its Destruction meet,  
 And Grave submit to yield her dead.

For

**IX.**  
 For all the Sorrows thou hast born,  
 The Pain, the Anguish, and the Scorn,  
 A grateful Tribute now we bring,  
 And long to see the Glorious Face,  
 Within the High and Holy Place,  
 Of our exalted Lord and King.

**X.**  
 Thou there dost in full Glory shine:  
 No Beauty may compare with thine,  
 On Earth below, or Heav'n above.  
 The fairest of the Human Race,  
 Yea, those who God's high Palace grace,  
 Are Darkness unto him we love.

**XI.**  
 We love Thee, Jesus, and we pray  
 That Time may quickly bring the Day,  
 When Thou in Glory shalt appear;  
 When we our Lord shall rise to meet,  
 And grateful bow before thy Feet,  
 And tell how Thou to us art dear.

**FINIS**



